HOW THE SCREEN STARS KEEP THEIR BEAUTY

Movie Weekly

MAY 17, 1924

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God Help Pennsylvania!
See page 4

Why Gloria Swanson is so Misunderstood

Clara Bow
Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

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The Most Misunderstood Woman on the Screen

Censured for apparent snobbishness, *Gloria Swanson* reveals that at *heart* she is just a *shy, sensitive girl,* wanting to be liked, but fearful of *ridicule*

By Carolyn Carter

"IF you go to see Gloria Swanson," advised a friend who had never met the lady in question, "you'd better turn up your coat collar, for it's likely to be pretty chilly around there."

"Miss Swanson," said another equally unacquainted person, "is sure to Ritz you. It's a habit of hers, I hear."

So we set out for the studio filled with advice and misgivings to meet this formidable young person, Gloria Swanson, and arrived during the filming of Miss Swanson's latest picture, "Manhandled."

It was a street scene and it was quite amazing. During all our visits to the studios we have never seen anything quite so clever. To be sure, many sets are larger and many more elaborate, but this set was truly the most realistic we have ever seen.

There was the asphalt and the curbing and the big arc-light overhead and the row of brownstone stoops just opposite. You'll see it all when you see "Manhandled," and you'll think it's a real, honest-to-goodness city thoroughfare.

The usual groups of stage carpenters, electricians and musicians skirted the set and, standing talking to the pianist, was a slim, lovely girl with a sleek bobbed head on which circled a delicate silver wreath. She wore a yellow evening gown and a sea-green scarf was thrown over one shoulder. She was full of pep and vivacity and charm, and seemed to be mimicking someone for the musician. Evidently she did it well, as she has a way of doing most things, for his laughter was spontaneous and appreciative.

The girl sat down on an upturned box and moved over to give a wardrobe woman room. She helped another girl manage a wrap, and then was called to the set.

Yes, you have guessed it. The girl we've been telling about was none other than the "Ritzy" Gloria Swanson. And, remember the old saying, "Seeing is believing." And here we had *seen* Gloria being sweet and helpful and friendly, and all we have to say is that our eyes haven't gone back on us yet.

Gloria got into a limousine with her escort (evidently they were coming from a party), the car drove up to the curb in the circle of lamplight and out she dashed, the young man rushing after her. The director shouted, "Good! Camera!" and the scene was "shot." There were no tedious retakes. Gloria knew what was wanted the *first* time. She must be a positive joy for a director to work with.

Then we were introduced and Miss Swanson led us to her dressing room, which is a cute little bungalow anchored just off the set. It has a diminutive luxuriousness inside and is utterly charming.

"I'm afraid it looks pretty much upset," remarked Gloria, passing us a monogrammed cigarette, "and I try to be neat. I hate to feel anyone has to 'pick up' after me."

Now, gentle reader, that was the last straw! To find Miss Swanson sweet and friendly was one thing, but to find her considerate was quite another. And this was the girl who had been accused of snobbishness!

"Snobbishness is a form of stupidity," says *Miss Swanson*, "and I flatter myself that I'm not stupid."

WE must have looked our surprise. "Miss Swanson," we explained guiltily, "we're overwhelmed, er—about you. We expected to be handed the ice pitcher, so to speak, and you're more human than all the rest. We're ashamed for ever having listened to such stories!"

"Well," said Gloria resignedly, "people will talk and people will listen, and there it is. Prejudging others is always a great mistake. Wait until you meet the person in question yourself. Then is time enough to form an opinion of him.

"Somehow or other I'm accused of snobbishness. I am not a snob. Snobbishness, to me, is a form of stupidity and I flatter myself that I am not stupid. My greatest trouble is sensitiveness. More than anything else, I'm afraid of ridicule. I'm afraid that someone is going to hurt my feelings. I try to overcome this complex, or whatever it is, but it is stronger than my will power, I'm afraid, for I guess I don't succeed very well.

"I go to a big party, where many of the guests are not personal acquaintances of mine. I sit by myself and wonder and worry. They're all so strange and I have a trapped feeling. If I were only a child again, I could run away as I used to.

"The feeling comes over me that I've got to see this thing through. I get worried and can't think of anything to say. I feel that people are whispering about me, saying that I'm snobbish, that that is the reason I keep to myself. If they only knew that it is shyness and sensitiveness and fear of ridicule that keeps me from becoming what is known as 'a good mixer.'

"So, I don't go to big affairs any more, for I've decided not to let myself in for any unnecessary suffering. And that is the inside true story of how I came to be called a snob."

God help Penn-

Noted journalist attacks present methods of _Pennsylvania's State Board of Censorship_ and holds entire body up to good-humored ridicule—Do you agree with him or not? Write and tell us what you think :: :: :: :: ***By James Craig Gordon***

(The following article written by James Craig Gordon, the well-known journalist, is a frank exposé of present day methods of motion picture censorship and the alleged limits of absurdity and folly to which they go in striving to suppress the everyday facts of normal existence. When this article was submitted to the editor of Movie Weekly, it was promptly forwarded to the Chief of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censorship for comment or answer. The Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censorship made immediate reply to Mr. Gordon's article which appears herein, and this reply will be printed in full in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

EDITOR.

I HAVE been making a study of the various and conflicting standards employed by the various State Boards of Censorship in the United States, and especially of the Pennsylvania standards, as published in the Film Year Book of 1924.

I assume that the set of standards under which the Pennsylvania censors are operating was formulated by themselves. I furthermore assume that they do not consider it perfect and that they are open to suggestions as to how it may be improved.

It seems that this board of Pennsylvania censors has entered into a conspiracy designed to keep the truth about life off of the moving picture screens of Pennsylvania.

It seems that under this method of operation, the screen will keep the population of Pennsylvania in a benighted condition of ignorance of the most fundamental facts of life, in which they are competing units, unless some channel of information is open to them other than the moving pictures.

It seems that they have constituted themselves into a guardianship of morals, and that their guardianship is being operated on the theory that ignorance is innocence, darkness better than light. If the principles which govern their decisions on most pictures were to be extended to books, magazines and individual utterance, nothing could save America from destruction.

For these rules which they have adopted are the certain methods by which immorality is nurtured and nourished, and by which the moral fibre of an entire people may be corroded and debauched and ultimately destroyed.

I observe that in their various enunciations of policy, they sometimes say "will" and sometimes say "may." Certain things "will" be condemned; other things "may" be condemned. It is most amusing to observe that practically everything vital to humanity "will" be suppressed, while such obviously objectionable matters as brutality to children or animals "may" be suppressed.

Of this much I am certain: Everything involving the sex life of the people "will" be suppressed. Anything else "may" not be suppressed, depending upon more things than I know of. I should now like to take up individually the various regulations which they have established:

(1) *"The boards will condemn pictures and parts of pictures dealing with 'white slavery.' The procuration and prostitution in all forms of girls, and their confinement for immoral purposes may not be shown upon the screen and will be disapproved. Views of prostitutes and houses of ill fame will be disapproved."*

This is an example of the prudery which is destroying the manhood of present-day America and blighting its future generations. The intelligent presentation of the white slavery problem on the screen would be the most effective approach to ending it altogether.

There is, of course, a distinction to be made between the cheap, sensational pictures which were once exhibited, and the sincere story which might be exhibited. By banishing the white slaves and their brothels from your screens in Pennsylvania, you cannot blot out the prostitutes from the streets of Philadelphia, nor can you heal the diseases they are passing from man to man as a pestilence, nor can you blot out the blinded eyes of new-born babies nor straighten the crooked spines, nor refashion the twisted bodies, nor can you blot out the red sores of syphilis from the fair throats of innocent babies.

I direct your attention to statistics just furnished me by United States Senator Royal S. Copeland. Dr. Copeland said that at least twenty-seven per cent of American manhood was infected with venereal diseases. He said that eighty per cent of all the operations performed upon women were due to venereal diseases innocently acquired. It is through what the Pennsylvania censors elect to call white slavery, that these conditions exist. Yet these men erase the handwriting from the wall and believe in their own hearts that they are performing a moral service to the community by refusing to permit white slavery and prostitution to be exhibited on the screen so that the world around them may know the facts as they exist.

Do the Pennsylvania censors fear that such

The scene from *"Way Down East"* when *Burr McIntosh*, as the *Puritanical* old *Squire*, orders *Annie* (*Lillian Gish*) from the house.

sylvania!

Jackie Coogan in and as "*Oliver Twist.*" This picture came in for some severe cutting by the *Censors.*

pictures will make vice attractive to girls? Haven't they sense enough to realize that vice is made attractive to girls by every second man with whom they associate? That poured into her ears night after night are honeyed words of seduction? And this is true of nearly all girls, no matter how sheltered their mothers may make their lives. They will be tempted whether the Pennsylvania censors exhibit pictures of prostitution or not. They will learn the mechanics of prostitution whether such pictures are exhibited or not. But whether they learn the penalties of prostitution in social disgrace, in disease or in death, is another matter and depends largely on circumstances. These censors have taken a heavy responsibility upon their consciences when they enforce this unenlightened regulation.

Their second section reads as follows:

(2) *"Pictures and parts of pictures which deal with the seduction of women, particularly the betrayal of young girls, and assaults upon women WITH IMMORAL INTENT, will be disapproved."*

The capitals are mine. I have no comment to make upon this section, except to ask a question in passing: When does a man commit an assault upon a woman with moral intent?

NO man can exercise a judicial function such as theirs, a critical function such as theirs, without well-defined terms and the clearest sort of conception as to what he is trying to do. It is wholly possible for me to convict these censors of incompetence in their task by taking their regulations paragraph by paragraph, and exhibiting the loose thinking, the disjointed reasoning and total lack of definite terms in their own vocabulary. The "moral intent" just quoted is only a little example of the logical defects in their standards.

Their next regulation reads:

(3) *"Prenatal and child-bed scenes and sub-titles describing them may be disapproved."*

I am told that when "Way Down East" was exhibited in Pennsylvania, the censorship board declined to let the spectators have any advance information at all about the coming of Annie's baby. In fact, all prenatal and child-bed scenes were disapproved in this particular picture, if my information is correct. I am told the spectators were considerably nonplussed when they saw Annie running around a little later with a baby. The baby, I understand, subsequently died, thus achieving the amazing spectacle of the death of a baby that had never been born.

Do they suppose that the people who go to see moving pictures in Pennsylvania are in ignorance of the biological processes by which babies are born? Do they suppose that the Pennsylvanians believe in the stork, and if they do, is it the purpose and intention of the censors to keep them in that state of ignorance? Or do they consider it immoral for people to be aware that a woman is to become a mother? Do they consider the process by which a woman becomes a mother immoral? Do they consider motherhood immoral?

LISTEN, READER!

Is James Craig Gordon, the writer of this article, an "irresponsible, half-baked slinger of words," as the Secretary of the State Board of Pennsylvania Censors says he is in the answer to this article which we will print next week?

We ask you to judge.

If they deny all these questions, then upon what basis do they predicate this amazing regulation. Are they ashamed of the manner in which their mothers and fathers brought them into the world?

Their next regulation reads as follows:

(4) *"Pictures and parts of pictures dealing with the drug habit, the use of opium, morphine, cocaine, etc., will be disapproved."*

I suppose that the Pennsylvania censors know that the drug menace is one of the most alarming symptoms of a decaying civilization in the United States today. No doubt they are aware of the appalling harvest of addicts, which grows every year. Perhaps they have informed themselves on this subject sufficiently to understand that the drug traffic is organized. There was a time when the organized white slave interests used procurers to obtain fresh material for houses of prostitution. I wonder if the censors are aware that there are now procurers whose business it is to make drug addicts, to introduce the drug habit to people who have never used it, and thus build up their business?

A scene from "*Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde,*" in which *John Barrymore* played the famous dual role.

IN the face of these facts, these censors show either a sinister ignorance of the situation or a presumptuous disregard of their responsibilities. No more eloquent avenue is open to the world today to crush the drug habit than the screen. The whole tragedy of dope can there be played out before the eyes of people so vividly that the screen may become a new Sermon on the Mount, where the parables of the new day can be told. Yet these censors close the screen to any exhibition dealing with the drug habit. May God forgive them for their blind and ignorant intolerance.

I pass on to the next regulation, which reads as follows:

(5) *"Scenes showing the modus operandi of criminals, which are suggestive and incite to evil action, such as murder, poisoning, housebreaking, safe robbery, pocket-picking, the lighting and throwing of bombs, the use of ether, chloroform, etc., will be disapproved."*

Here there is no quibbling. There is no may about it. Such scenes as above set forth will be disapproved.

A moment's thought will show the absurdity of what on the surface may appear like sound common sense.

Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, is a recognized classic. Yet under that regulation, Oliver Twist could not be exhibited on the screens of Pennsylvania. It contains murder, it contains housebreaking, it contains pocket-picking, and a few other crimes which the Pennsylvania censors have overlooked.

There is not space to mention the innumerable classics which would be barred under such a regulation. What would happen to Les Miserables? To Macbeth? To a long list of Shakespeare's plays?

The important fact is that the exhibition of crime does not make criminals—a fact which the Pennsylvania censors refuse to recognize. It is only when crime is made attractive that criminals are made. What man ever wanted to murder (*Continued on page 30*)

Helene Chadwick

Photo by
CLARENCE S. BULL

The APOSTLE of HEART THROB

Meet *Finis Fox*, author, director and producer of *"A Woman Who Sinned,"* and learn how he made good against stupendous obstacles

By David A. Balch

WE first heard of Finis Fox about four years ago. He was a scenario writer then, and we learned with some amusement, we recall, that he was in the habit of telling his stories to directors and producers and, upon the strength of his melodramatic recital—selling the stories in a hurry.

"And then!——" we had heard Mr. Fox would cry with terrible gusto, "there comes into the picture—a *lecherous libertine!* . . ."

That was enough for the director. A man who could dramatize his own stuff in that fashion must be good, and he would agree forthwith to buy the story and arrange for its production upon the screen.

About this time, various publicity stories began to drift East, a typical instance of one of which might be:

"Some authors demand quiet in which to work; Finis Fox prefers a boiler factory," etcetera, etcetera.

We began to wonder then, with a curious mixture of amusement, perplexity and annoyance, just precisely *who, what* and *why* was Finis Fox. Could anyone tell us? And no one, as it happened, did.

Following which, a picture was produced, written by Finis Fox and luridly entitled, "Should a Woman Tell?" we remember it vividly. The question, it seemed, was answered in the negative.

It was about this time or shortly afterward, that the subject of this interview dropped rather suddenly from sight, and we didn't hear of him again until one day, a short while ago—the day before, to be exact, that we met the gentleman himself. Meanwhile, in the years between, he had evolved into an author, director and producer sort of person and we had a distinct feeling of novelty in going to meet him, for we felt that at last Finis Fox had demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt just *who, what* and *why* he was.

"Mr. Fox," we said smilingly, as we shook his hand, "we've heard of you before."

"Thank you," he said with a slight drawl. He hails originally from Oklahoma and many of the Western overtones are still latent in his speech. He had come East with a new picture he had just completed, called "A Woman Who Sinned," and the discussion of this formed a large part of our luncheon conversation.

"First," said Mr. Fox earnestly after we were seated, "I want to tell you about my picture. I've lived with it now for three years and I can't think very much of anything else."

"It's been three years since we've heard of you," we returned, "where have you been all that time?"

He smiled wryly.

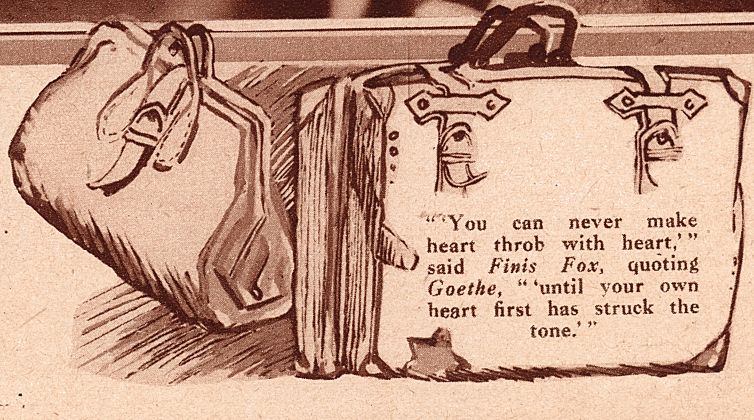
"They were three of the toughest years of my life," he said ruefully. "When the slump hit the Coast, I was out of a job, and for months and months I couldn't find anything. During this time, curiously enough, my one principal asset was the story of 'A Woman Who Sinned.' Several producers had read the story and liked it, but none were willing to offer me what I felt it was worth.

"THINGS were breaking badly for me at this time," Mr. Fox admitted. "The little money I had saved up had dwindled rapidly and I began to see where, if I didn't get something soon, my situation would be desperate. Just at this time a peculiar thing happened. I received a wire from New York, offering me eight thousand dollars for the screen rights to 'A Woman Who Sinned.'"

He laughed softly.

"It was a frightful temptation," he confessed. "But during this siege of poverty, there had been slowly taking root in my mind the idea of making the picture myself—though where the money to do it was to come from, Heaven only knew! I knew *I* didn't have it. So, I remember going into a grocery store and buying some crackers and cheese and going to the small furnished room I occupied

"I put the crackers and cheese on one part of my bed (*Continued on page 25*)



How the Screen Stars

A peep into the secrets of *mi-screen-lady's boudoir*, showing the means whereby your *movie favorite* withstands the tooth of time and keeps herself *fair* and *fresh* and *beautiful*

By Louise Morgan

Above: ***Carmel Myers*, whose exotic beauty has won her a coveted place among screen vampires. She is now playing in *"Ben Hur."***

YOU have heard it said so often that Beauty is only skin deep. Did you notice that it was usually the plain girl that said it? You would not call it exactly catty of her; but somehow that little epigram acts as a balm to many a girl who looks in vain in her mirror for signs of that elusive quality, even if it is only skin deep. But when some tactless soul quotes it to a beautiful girl, the Beauty just sniffs, raises her finely pencilled eyebrows, smiles knowingly with red cupid bow lips and asks archly between pearly white teeth: "Really?" And that question is as yet unanswered: "Is Beauty only skin deep?"

The quality of beauty without a doubt is the most sought-after possession by girls in every land; city girls and country girls, English girls and French girls, all the feminine world is kin in the pursuit of Beauty. What trouble they go to, what torture they go through to make themselves beautiful! And there is no group of girls in the whole world to whom beauty is more important than the screen stars. Have you heard how a certain famous movie star eats nothing but pineapple and lamb chops and spends hours being pummelled by a masseuse to take the curves away from where the lines should be? Or how another popular ingenue worries about her ankles, which are not as slim as she would like them? Not a day passes but that she vigorously goes through her ankle exercises. A friend of hers works just as hard to beautify her elbows, rubbing in cream after cream, hoping to make them round and smooth. Yes—one must have beauty, even though it is spoken of disparagingly by those who do not possess it.

But Beauty means so much more than just beauty of the features. Of course there is not one of us who would turn our back on a silver tray offering us a beautiful face; but we might look around to see if there were not other tray bearers offering as well, silky hair, a slender figure, shapely hands and feet, and a beautiful voice. Surely those charming attributes are somewhere around, and I guess it is up to us to find them if we want them. That is, providing we do not have them already. And there are darn few of us who possess them, aren't there?

BEAUTY may be only skin deep, but it would seem like tearing the roots out of our soul to take what little we may have away from us; and most of us believe that said roots are far beneath the surface skin. Seeing what one will suffer to attain Beauty, and knowing what one will accomplish because of it, makes us believe it cannot be the superficial surface thing some call it.

I wonder if Marion Davies would exchange her beauty for some other quality. I wonder if Agnes Ayres ever regrets her perfect profile or Phyllis Haver her lovely figure. Not much, I guess. These three girls would not be where they are today if Beauty had not played its share in their career. And Beauty does not travel alone, if the electric lights over the theatres prove anything. It usually goes hand in hand with success—and brains! I know there is another bright remark about being

Of course, when speaking of beauties, *Norma Talmadge's* name must be placed close to the top of the list.

keep their Beauty

Beautiful but Dumb. But it does not mean anything! I never saw a dumb girl that was beautiful, nor a beautiful girl that was dumb. It takes brains to be beautiful, and then stay beautiful. Not many of us are born that way. You can mention any one of dozens of actresses, beautiful stars of the screen, and in almost every case she will be a splendid actress as well as being beautiful. Not alone on their beauty do they depend, but they use to good advantage the clever brains behind their smooth white foreheads; those brains that enable them to be in that group known as the most beautiful girls in the world. We would all be there, you know, if it were easy. It is almost impossible for a beautiful girl to remain in the shadow; her self-confidence and her sweetness will bring her to the front in advance of her plain, timid sisters.

WE know that we have all heard a lot about how a sweet disposition and a noble heart are just as much to be desired as a beautiful face, in fact, more so, but to our mind a face is not beautiful unless the heart and disposition are beautiful, too.

Mere regularity of features does not mean beauty. It is that something which shines through from under the skin which makes the whole face glowing and lovely. The features of Lillian Gish are not perfectly regular. An artist could probably find flaws in them as he could also with the features of Mary Pickford. But both these beautiful girls prove that Beauty is more than skin deep. Well-shaped eyes of exquisite color are not beautiful unless their expression is lovely, nor are perfectly formed lips beautiful if the corners turn the wrong way. But in almost every case Beauty makes most of us so happy and kindly disposed towards the world that the expression takes care of itself.

If you will all gather round and listen and not tell anybody I told you, I will let you in on some secrets I learned from the Screen Stars. Of course I cannot use any names. That would not be fair. You can understand that.

In the olden days a woman's hair was called her crowning glory, and although we have treated the old adage with more or less contempt by cutting off our hair—let the curls fall where they will—still, what is left is enough to make or ruin us. Consequently, what I heard a black-haired beauty say, whose name glows in electric lights wherever her pictures are shown, might be worth repeating. This little star has not bobbed her hair—yet. She has masses and masses of glistening curls that fall almost to her waist. Such hair—rich and thick and shining! First of all, she says that she does not use any trick soaps nor washes, but uses any one of the good old reliable soaps our mothers used when we were kids.

Beauty may be "only skin deep," but that's quite deep enough, especially with beauty like *Corinne Griffith's*.

When *Mae Busch* looks into her mirror, she has no cause to worry.

MANUFACTURERS were not vying then with one another to see who could make the rashest promises, but trusted to the quality of their soaps to sell for them. The oil in everyone's hair is different, so one rule would not work for all. However, this star washes her hair once in every ten days. Rain or shine, as we might say. She makes a good lather first, in a bowl of hot water. Not hot enough to scald her scalp, of course, but hot enough to cut the oil and dust in her hair. Then she douses her hair up and down, wetting the scalp, too, and rubs briskly and hard with the tips of her fingers. She keeps this up for several minutes, until she is sure that even the dust sticking to the scalp is washed away.

She then gently presses her hair to squeeze out most of the water, and draws fresh water in the bowl. The water should not be so hot this time. Perhaps the first water was quite dirty, which it would very likely be if she had been walking or riding on country roads. If so, she repeats the process—not so long nor so strenuously, perhaps. The next thing she does is to rinse her hair; and a very important step it is in caring for the hair. Three warm waters are not too much. She says that she rinses her (*Continued on page* 25)

The Bogey Man of Movie Fame

Claire Windsor, with her slim, youthful beauty, need have no fear of losing her charm for years to come.

Have you ever wondered whether your favorite *screen star* has his or her *troubles?* Would you like to know the things they *worry* about? Then read this

By Victoria Willis

WHEN you see the glittering personality of your screen favorite sparkling on the silver sheet, did you ever stop to think that she—or he—too, has troubles? That, even though life is superficially good to them, the screen stars have their little annoyances and worries just as you and I do? They may not have to worry because the ice man didn't come on time, or the butcher delivered a tough cut of steak; but they have other vexations just as bad.

Of course it's an old story about their having to work patiently hour after hour at the studios, sometimes far into the night, under the blinding glare of the Kleigs; it's their other, more personal problems, that the public doesn't appreciate.

When Mary and Doug went abroad last year for instance, it was, of course, a triumphant tour through Europe. Oh, the picture fans probably sighed, to be as popular as that, and have everyone make a fuss over you! Wonderful!

But was it? At the end of the trip, Mary was so worn out that she had to take a long rest. Such acclamation may be good for one's vanity, but certainly not for one's comfort.

Such things as that, of course, undoubtedly do much to disturb a famous beauty's serenity, but the real bogey man of the screen stars is something much less tangible. The real bogey man is that indefinable something which every star dreads will take away his or her popularity with the public.

For one star, the thing to be dreaded may be one thing, for another star something else; but in any case you may be quite sure that each and every star has his own special brand of apprehensions.

OF course, chief among them, especially among the women, is the fear of getting old or getting fat. What would happen to the poor little ingenue star when the wrinkles began to show around her eyes and under her chin? Or even if she managed successfully to conceal them under her make-up, what about the wise fans who refuse to be kidded?

"So she's an ingenue," they might chuckle, "an ingenue of forty!"

Yes, age indeed is something to be dreaded among the picture stars. And almost equally to be feared is getting fat. In fact, it is quite usual for women stars' contracts to specify that all bets are off if the "party of the second part" should tip the scales at more than a certain poundage. So one of the minor worries of the film colony is that of going around half starved for fear of putting on too much weight. Imagine having hundreds of dollars a week to spend on food, if necessary, and then being obliged to go hungry!

Alberta Vaughn, the ex-Mack Sennett beauty, who has recently been starred as "The Telephone (*Continued on page 26*)

It may be an actor's muscular development for which he is noted. *George Walsh*, for instance, was selected for *"Ben Hur"* partly because of his athletic physique.

***Alberta Vaughn*, whose figure is one of her chief assets, has taken out $50,000 insurance against getting fat.**

Movie Stars' GOSSIP causes most Scandal, says Film Director

John Griffith Wray*, who directed "*Anna Christie*," declares that *stars* themselves are responsible for *public's opinion* about *movieland

By Ruth Mabrey

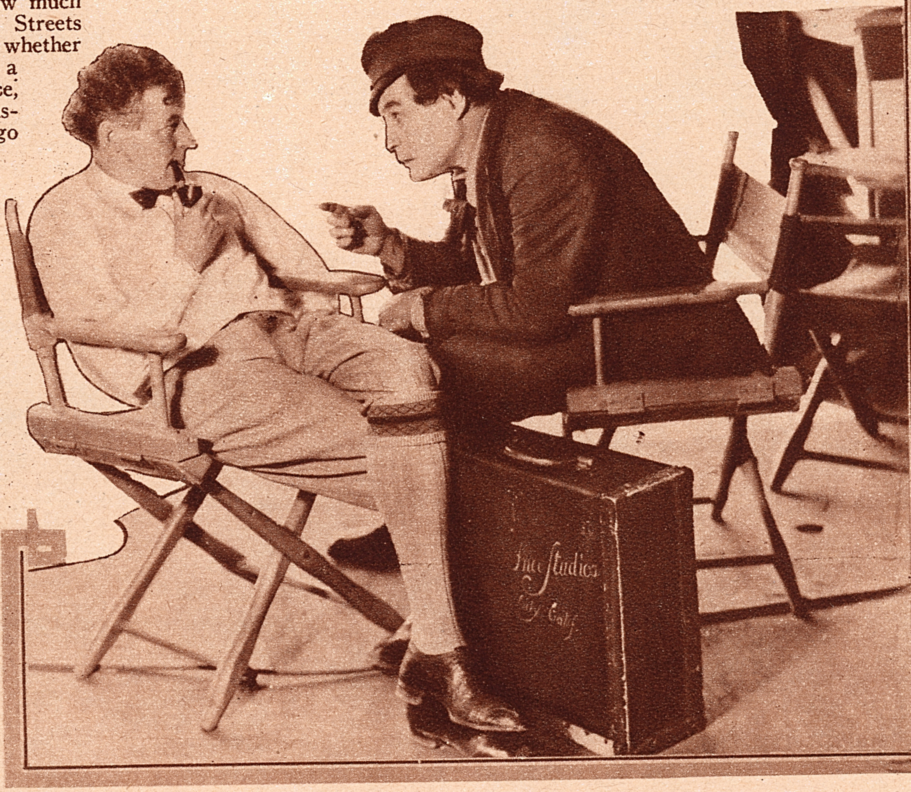
WHEN Aunt Abigail looks up from her morning paper to remark to Uncle Ezra that "that movie star, Loraine La Tosti" is getting divorced again, another discussion about Hollywood is started.

"Them pitcher people—bad lot!" remarks Uncle Ezra, and all the gossips sitting around the village store agree with him that picture people *are* a bad lot, and that Hollywood is a den of iniquity all full of wicked sirens and villains.

And so poor Hollywood's black eye is tinted blacker. Though when Uncle Ezra and Aunt Abigail agree that it's a wicked place, they admit that maybe it isn't so bad as it is painted. After all, you can't *prove* it's really immoral.

No, no matter how much the village Main Streets may speculate as to whether Hollywood is really a wicked, wicked place, where all the husbands and wives go to all night parties with other husbands and wives, drink liquor and smoke cigarettes — no matter how much the villagers might speculate, it's all idle guesswork. No one really knows just how much of the gossip is true and how much is exaggeration.

The real harm comes from a different source. It's the movie stars themselves—you can take this from John Griffith Wray, the well-known director — who cause most of the damage. When a movie star tells you that she saw with her own eyes how Flora Verdyne drank herself into a coma every night for a week — well, one is inclined to believe the movie star. After all, if she really *saw* it herself, then she must know. And so poor Flora's reputation may be entirely ruined, all because of her "friend's" desire to have something amusing to say.



Director John Griffith Wray and *George Marion* in a deep discussion of "*Anna Christie*," which was skilfully directed by *Mr. Wray* and in which *George Marion* gave a beautiful performance as an old barge captain.

"It's the talk of the studio workers themselves that hurts," says *Mr. Wray*, "talk which comes about through the temptation to be 'interesting' to outsiders."

"It isn't the speculative chatter of the public that matters so much," said Mr. Wray, "but the talk of the studio people themselves. When some outsider asks a film worker if it's really true that Miss So-and-So is, well—not what she should be—there is quite a temptation for the film worker to exaggerate just a little about it. The desire to say something 'interesting' is too pronounced to ignore. And what a thrill it can give a picture player or cameraman to hold his listeners spell-bound by telling them all the 'inside stuff' about the film stars."

NATURALLY, if someone acquainted with screen players and studio conditions makes a lot of damaging statements, such statements are very likely to be believed. And what a lot of reputations can suffer just because of a gossip's desire to be "interesting," to "know all about it."

The newspapers, too, according to Mr. Wray, are at fault in perpetuating Hollywood's bad name. They are much too avid in seizing upon any slight semblance of scandal in the lives of screen folk. Instead of minimizing such scandals, they "play them up," often to the extent of distorting the truth.

The newspapers are all the more to blame because it is their *(Continued on page 26)*

Will the Deserted Village of

Alice Brady first won her way to stardom in the days of the *Fort Lee* studios.

Will *Fort Lee*, in *New Jersey*, which was once the *eastern mecca* of *film production*, find a new lease on life and become again the center of *movie making?*

By Alma Talley

HIGH up on the Palisades in New Jersey there stands Fort Lee—the deserted village of moviedom. Not that Fort Lee isn't an active enough little town; its people have their stores and their businesses, and commute back and forth from New York much as in any other suburb—but there is about the place an aura of bygone glamor.

Time was when the streets of Fort Lee were peopled with kings and queens and princesses; lords and ladies walked about with peasants and shop girls—when the big glass enclosed studios were a-buzz with activity, pouring forth their countless dozens of screen players and extras every night. Strolling about the town during lunch hour, one would be astonished to encounter a German soldier in full regalia, helmet, uniform and everything. Rolls-Royces sped up and down the hilly streets of the town, bearing their expensive burdens—the movie stars.

Around the corner, in front of the old World studio, a car would come dashing by, and the wonder-struck fan would observe the familiar face of Carlyle Blackwell. Or possibly it would be the equally well-known features of Alice Brady or June Elvidge or Ethel Clayton, any one of a great number of stars then in their hey-day of fame.

Or perhaps an automobile would whirl by laden with serial players en route to location on the Palisades, those picturesque cliffs overhanging the Hudson. Many a pretty serial star has hung over those cliffs, to be rescued "next Wednesday" by the handsome hero.

And there was the Universal studio, with the picturesque street built behind it, a street in which were assembled old-fashioned stage coaches, shacks of a mining camp, all the various and sundry miscellany that might be called for in the making of a picture.

Yes, the picture village was peopled with celebrities in those days, the streets a-buzz with life and gaiety.

That was Fort Lee, in the days of its glory, the days when it was the goal of every ambitious screen aspirant, just as Hollywood is now. That was Fort Lee in the days of its magic, the days before the "film rush" to California.

But—alas!—those days are gone.

The streets of the erstwhile movie village are quiet, peaceful, sleepy. Scarcely an echo of their bygone splendor disturbs their serenity. Up hill and down hill they wind about, with only an occasional passerby or a clanging trolley, or a motor car bound for the ferry to New York.

AND, nestling back among the trees, here and there one sees the deserted homes of the movies. Big glass studios that once were alive with activity, stand there in utter dejection, with occasional broken panes of glass to testify to their desertion. Once in awhile a company of players comes over from New York to make a picture, a little band of actors in a town where hundreds once worked.

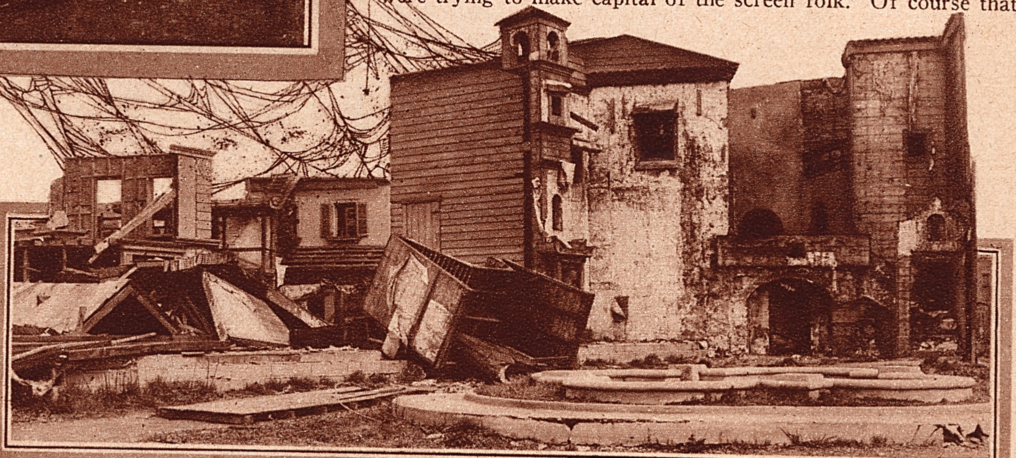
That is the Fort Lee of today.

And that is the problem which faces the local board of trade in the village.

The studios are there, they tell themselves—why are they not occupied? Why can't the picture companies be induced to return to their erstwhile homes?

Of course Fort Lee was selected originally as a good site for picture studios, because it was just at the top of New Jersey's famous Palisades overlooking the Hudson. Beautiful mountainous scenery and a picturesque river were right at their very doorstep. It was nothing to bundle a group of players into automobiles and dash out "on location." The nearby scenery was almost made to order. And so Fort Lee came to be the center of the industry.

But there were disadvantages as well. Most of the players and directors lived in New York, which was very close by, but could only be reached by ferry. There were innumerable delays getting back and forth over the crowded ferries; it was most inconvenient. That was one disadvantage; and then, too, the feeling arose that the merchants and townspeople of the village were trying to make capital of the screen folk. Of course that was natural enough; nevertheless, no one likes to have prices jacked up on his account, and gradually resentment grew among the motion picture people.



The remains of a *Fort Lee* studio where many famous stars once made their pictures.

But it was the weather, finally, which brought about the exodus. California, the screen people talked of, the land of eternal sunshine! Why didn't they go out there to make their pictures,

Moviedom live again?

June Elvidge as she appeared in the days of *Fort Lee's* splendor.

where they wouldn't be losing hundreds of dollars every time the weather began to act up? Why not save their pennies *from* a rainy day?

And so the emigration began. One by one the film companies silently stole away, until suddenly one morning Fort Lee woke up to find itself deserted—the deserted village of screendom. Fort Lee suddenly became the loser in this game of making pictures, with Hollywood taking the winnings.

BUT even the best of luck will always turn, and Hollywood's is on the verge of turning. It's all because of those sunlight arcs, a boon to the picture producer. What need is there to take an expensive company miles and miles on location, when they can build the "location" right in the studios and have artificial sunlight that is sure not to fail them? What if it does rain? All snugly at work inside a brightly lighted studio, who cares?

So Hollywood has begun to loom less largely in the picture scheme of things. They went out there for the good weather—well, they don't need that any more. And it's a long, long way from the main offices of the film companies, located in New York.

When they want to do any research work in connection with a picture of a bygone period, where can they find so complete a reference library as the New York Public Library? When the stars want to buy their gowns, where can they get the newest, smartest fashions so readily as in New York? How much more convenient all around it would be to have the studios and the offices both in New York, the country's business center! That is the gist of current opinion in picture circles.

And that is where the Fort Lee board of trade comes in. Since, they argue, the movie studios are about to reopen headquarters in the east, why not coax them back to their old home, the deserted village of movies? The tendency among Eastern studios of late years has been to locate on Long Island, which, because of its accessibility, is more convenient than New Jersey—the ferries really are a terrible waste of time!

Once glamorous with screen stars, the ruins of this studio now stand in utter dejection.

A scene from a *Kalem* comedy, *"The Policeman's Daughter,"* in the old days when movies were "in their infancy."

FAMOUS PLAYERS a few years ago built its mammoth studio in Long Island City, and it was predicted at that time that Long Island would soon be the center of screen activities. But nothing apparently came of this plan. Fox built its studio just on the edge of the heart of New York, at 55th St. and 10th Ave. And then, of course, there always have been several studios in outlying districts of the metroplis — the old Talmadge studio on East 48th St. and the old Biograph up in the Bronx, on 176th St. The latter two are rented occasionally to companies who wish to work in the East.

So that Fort Lee feels there is a very definite rivalry in case the picture studios should open up here in full force. With all the studios in and about New York, the New Jersey village feels, quite reasonably, that they should "look alive" if they wish to get back the movie trade.

SO, recently, under the auspices of municipal officials of Fort Lee, the board of trade, and a number of film magnates, a meeting was held at the Fort Lee Theatre to discuss ways and means of coaxing the movies back to Fort Lee. At the head of the movement is Carl Azzell, who suggested that they form a $50,000 organization for the purpose of buying and re-conditioning the old Peerless studio, which could be rented almost continually. Occasionally, it is rented now. Among other pictures, "Potash and Perlmutter" was recently made there and the E. H. Griffith production, "Unseeing Eyes," with Lionel Barrymore and Seena Owen.

Then, there is also, quite near the Peerless studio, the old Universal studio, where many of Richard Barthelmess' late pictures have been made, "The Bright Shawl," "The Enchanted Cottage," and others. The World studio, which (*Continued on page 24*)

My Own Story of

by Rudolph Valentino

Rudy and Natacha sojourn in Rome, where they meet Emil Jannings, the well-known European actor — Rudy begins to grow restive as the time draws near for him to visit his old home town again

Rome, September 9th.

STILL in the Coliseum, that venerable edifice that looms so significantly in history's pages. I was pondering the mystery, not so very mysterious after all, that draws men to the Coliseum to die by their own hand. After all, almost everything is association. The association of ideas.

The psychologists, Freud and the other eminent pioneers in the realm of the subconscious, believe that even love is largely associative. They claim that if a small boy has, at one time or another, been deeply though unconsciously impressed by, say the image of his mother in a white gown under a rose lamp, he is quite likely some twenty odd years later, to fall instantaneously in love with a girl he may see standing, dressed in white, under a ruddy glow. He may not know, may have no idea that this is the reason for his attraction. He may attribute this to different emotional causes, her beauty, her talents, or her intelligence. But all the while it has been his subconscious memory rousing itself from out of the past to glorify the present.

It is somewhat difficult to grasp the significance of analysis as it is applied to the motive of thought, and yet there is an element of fascination in trying to decipher the messages that people our minds. For instance, how imposing it must have been in Rome, far back in that by-gone era of world domination and supremacy, to have been part of the worshipping throngs that heralded the home-coming of a great and conquering general of mighty armies, and showered adulation upon him. To have sat at the feet of the great statesmen and silver-tongued Latin orators, and heard their utterances first hand and from their own lips.

HOW much soundness there is in this reasoning I have never had the time, nor even the interest to examine. I have been too busy working and living to probe into analysis and the relative fields. But I dare say there is logic in it all, nothing else.

And this all applies, certainly, to those poor wretches who go to the Coliseum to die. Death. The association of death. This and nothing else lures them to the Coliseum to court the Last Adventure. They die where others have died before them.

Death has no place in the sunlight, where the busy housewives and ladies of pleasure ply their several ways. Death must be isolated and alone. Death takes place, like that lighter drug, of sleep, in a darkened room!

Right below the Coliseum there is a tremendous drop called, fitly, the Place of Suicides, because of the fact that so many of these fatalities have occurred there.

The protagonist in D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death," fell to his death over this 1,200-foot drop. It is vertiginous, hence, I suppose, the physical part of the fascination.

It seemed to me an unspeakably ghost-ridden spot. Unpleasantly ghost-ridden. As if those long departed spirits were filing by us with averted faces. Ghastly faces. All of them averted faces. The faces they had averted by their own hands from the world.

It makes one pause to think when this consideration is brought home to one: That there have been so many persons who have so suffered that life has become unendurable to them. Life, that is so strong! So many of them must have feared, too, what Death would bring, since most of us believe that self-death is a mortal sin, to be immortally punished. And that is the core of the pity of it all; that fearing death, as many of them must have feared it, did they pause to think about it, they yet feared Life *more.* Whatever this is to which we go, they thought, at least it will not be *life!* What pain must have twisted them to bring them to this maimed conclusion.

SO much of all this morbidity, I have frequently thought, has to do with health. I could wager that there has never been a suicide who has been in physical shape. Their sick minds have been but the products of sick bodies. I know, though only in a very slight way, that when I first went to America and was having the worst of my bad luck, I would sit in a small hall room, in vitiated air, unexercised, inert, and feel that the gloom of the ages was pressing upon my soul—and body. And then, desperate, I would go out and walk, walk for long, deep-breathing miles about the city, drink a quart of milk and get a full night's sleep and my misery would be so lessened that I didn't even feel like the same person. My body was fit—and so, by the same token, was my point of view.

The sight of fancied and colorful monuments of the past have a tendency to invigorate and excite an imaginative person such as I, and as I mused on my surroundings, my fancies assumed myriad and varied proportions. I realize now how much I was influenced and affected by this environment of a mighty past. I felt, in a minor way, how transitory and unintelligible are our greatest boasts and accomplishments to a different day and age.

Of course the Coliseum didn't bring me only thoughts of death, although we did seem to dwell considerably on that aspect of it.

Rudolph Valentino, popular screen star, before the *Arch of Trojans,* overlooking the *Coliseum, Rome, Italy.*

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my Trip Abroad

There is, apart from all that, the sum total of grandeur that is, after all, its strongest and most lasting impression. And there is, too, especially in the sunlight, as we saw it this morning, the prevailing sense of life. We felt that here was something that would endure inviolate. Before the red blood spurted, there was conflict, there was grandeur. The Roman crowds, with their cries, the gladiators, with their magnificent bodies, the stench and roars of the wild beasts . . . life. Raw life.

And the other blood spilled. The other lives lived their old dramatic episodes. The lives and deaths of martyrdom. Martyrs who died the deaths of the body that their immortal souls might live. There is, too, in the Coliseum the odor of sanctity.

It is a good thing to see the Coliseum after one has lived life away. For only then, I think, can the pageantry of the place come home to one.

Rome, September 10th.

LAST night we had another fascinating evening. We dined with the Baron Fassini in his apartment in the Plazzo Titoni, and from there we motored to his castle at Nettuno.

It is an hour and a half drive from Rome, right along the sea coast. The sea coast of Italy! And the castle is rebuilt from the original plans found in the original ruins.

I walked through the moonlight.

And a creepy feeling came over me. I felt that these walls, if they could only speak, could tell tremendous tales, still fascinating.

Stories of love. Stories of lust. Stories of murder, swift, treacherous and unexpected. Especially if gentlemen like Ceasar Borgja could rise up and talk . . . if they would talk.

Rudolph Valentino*, seen on the sets of *"Quo Vadis"* in *Rome*, with *Emil Jannings*, its director, and *Commendator Ambrozio*, the producer of *"Cabiria."

A scene at a *Roman* cattle market which *Rudy* visited.

I think that it would fascinate me to live in such a place. Perhaps I have very steady nerves, or, even, an imagination that needs such stimuli. But I have always felt strangely akin and at home in places of this kind.

I AM not afraid of the dead, or of ghosts. The whole store and lore of grisly fears that have shaken the human race at thought or apprehension of meeting with the dead, is quite foreign to me. I am not afraid of anything pertaining to the life beyond.

And it isn't because I don't believe in it. It is because I *do*. I believe in the supernatural. But I don't believe that there is anything I would, or could, be afraid of.

It seems to me that we have more cause to be afraid of the living than of those who have gone on, shaking off, as they go, the lusts and cruelties of the body.

I believe extraordinarily in supernatural manifestations, although I, personally, have never seen any. I am a great believer in the immortality of the soul. That is absolutely beyond any doubt. There must be some ultimate destination or purpose for us.

I know that there has been a lot said and done that has been proven to be hokum and altogether fallacious. Full of holes, as we say in America.

I know that there has been a lot of fake surrounding Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's experiments, but undoubtedly and all the same, it is a fact that there is something within ourselves, not an organ, which we call a soul, and which cannot cease to live simply because our bodies cease to be active.

What this is we can't tell—until we reach there. And why should we tell? We don't *know* that there is any Tomorrow. Yet we believe that there is, implicitly. And we go on planning for it, although we have no tangible proof that the intangible fact of another Dawn will ever amaze the world, let alone our individual selves.

Our bodies are merely shells, in which we can hear, if we listen with ears attuned, the everlasting murmur of the sea.

What the average man calls Death, I believe to be merely the beginning of Life itself. We simply live beyond the shell. We emerge from out of its narrow confines like a chrysalis. Why call it Death? Or, if we give it the name of Death, why surround it with dark fears and sick imaginings?

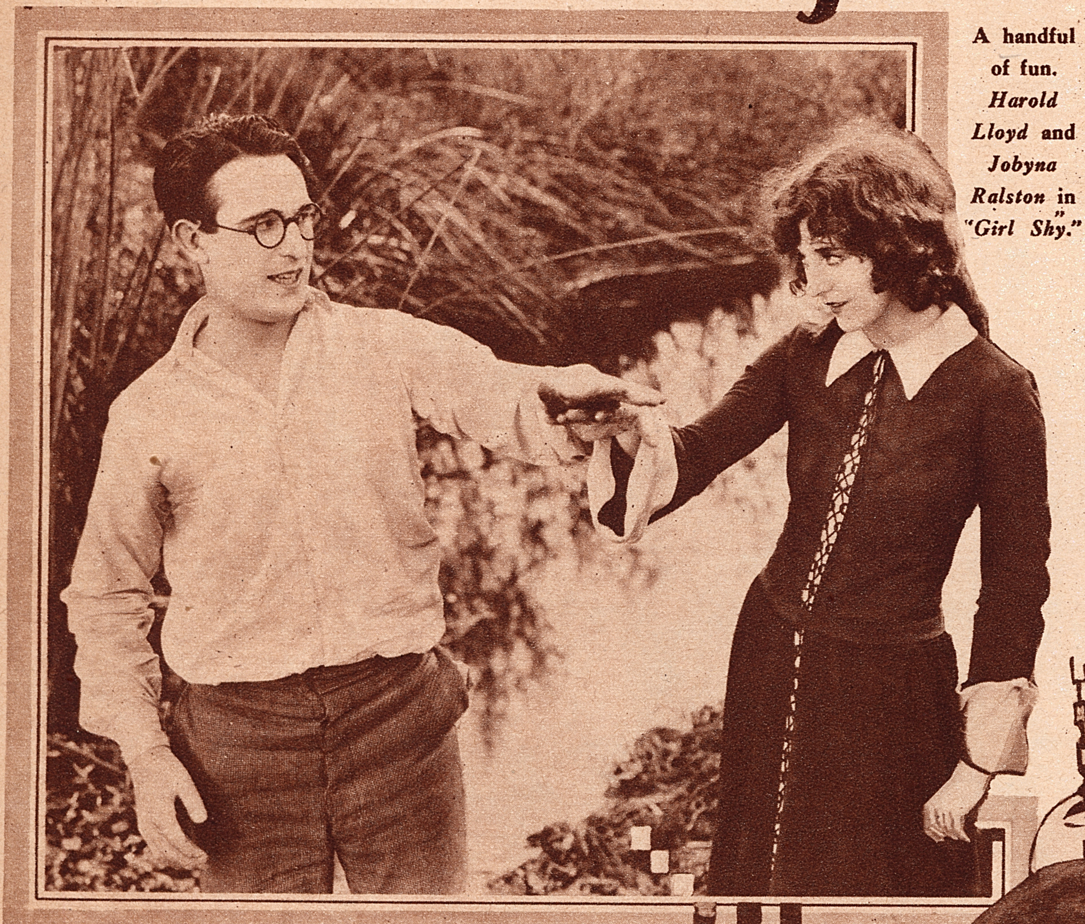
I am not afraid of the Unknown.

IF you live according to your conscience (if you have one, that is), and you go on through life living according to the dictates of that conscience, in other words, never doing anything which you might yourself be forced to question in discomfort, what is there to fear? What else, what more, can you do? By this I do not mean so much living in the religious sense of the word as living rightfully, living squarely. Not only so far as other people are concerned, but so far as you, yourself, are concerned.

A life lived in this way has no dark corners in which ghosts can hide. And a life lived like this would need to have no fear of ghosts seen, then, by the strong, free light of the day. There would be no reason then to fear ghosts any more than the man who is living rightfully has any fear of a policeman. It is only the criminal who is afraid of the policeman. He is afraid, the criminal, because the policeman represents the Law, and in a way the criminal doesn't know what the Law is going to do to him, what it is capable of doing to him. He imagines all sort of things that he wouldn't and couldn't imagine if his conscience were clear.

I suppose that if I saw a ghost walking about I would be momentarily nervous, not so much because I had seen a ghost, as because I had seen something surprising and new. Something concerning which I have heard, as all have, so many shuddering things. But I feel sure that after the first shock it wouldn't frighten me. It would surprise me as anything would that comes as a shock, but after the shock had worn off, I would get used to it. I might even be (*Continued on page 26*)

Harold Lloyd in "GIRL



A handful of fun. *Harold Lloyd* and *Jobyna Ralston* in *"Girl Shy."*

Popular *screen comedian* scores again in latest laughmaker — *"The Rejected Woman," "Triumph"* and *"Second Youth,"* among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"GIRL SHY"

Laughs and More Laughs

A Pathe picture starring Harold Lloyd, supported by Jobyna Ralston, Carlton Griffin and Richard Daniels. Written by Ted Wilde, Tim Whelan and Sam Taylor. Direction by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor.

One can't keep on parroting "The best thing he ever did," and deprived of that, we never know what to say about a Harold Lloyd picture any more. Now, while we are certain that "Girl Shy" is not really so good a story as "Dr. Jack" and "Grandma's Boy," it seems to us that we have never laughed so much at any other comedy since we have been recording our cinema sensations. And we are not one of those persons who enjoy familiar jokes more than we do new ones. The only joke that can wring a laugh from us is one which surprises us, and Lloyd certainly does this. His solution of his difficulties are never obvious. Getting laughs these days is serious business, and a comedian has to work like the devil to appear spontaneous.

One thing that Harold did—the hero's name was Harold Meadows—was smuggle a Pom dog on the train for "the only girl." The conductor discovered the presence of Fifi and a quarrel ensued with Fifi as the bone of contention. Here the train shoots into the inky blackness of a tunnel, and when it emerges there is the conductor trying to yank a sable scarf from the shoulders of an indignant passenger, while the real bone of contention is safely hidden under the beard of a nearby Rabbi.

Harold is a tailor's apprentice and, because he is so shy, he writes a book on how to conquer women. Freud could easily explain this, but the publisher to whom Harold submitted his efforts refused to accept Freud's diagnosis as final. The scenes in the book are played out on the screen, and this is almost the funniest thing in "Girl Shy." Jobyna Ralston is a better actress than such a beautiful girl has any right to be. We say emphatically, "Do not miss 'Girl Shy,'" and we add a postscript to the star, "Go on a diet, Harold. You are getting alarmingly large around the middle. Remember your girth control!"

"TRIUMPH"

Love in a Cannery

A Famous Players-Lasky picture, co-featuring Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, supported by Theodore Kosloff, Raymond Hatton, Zasu Pitts, George Fawcett, Robert Edeson, Julia Faye and Charles Ogle.

In "Triumph," Cecil De Mille's latest picture, the popular director has said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and he got behind. Therefore, it may be considered a De Mille Triumph in every sense of the word. Mr. De Mille did throw a scare into us when we saw Romeo and Juliet begin to iris out in the second reel. But here was where the really great director proved that he had strength of character. Romeo and Juliet remained on the screen not more than ten seconds, and it was quite *a propos*, because the heroine was at that moment singing that popular aria from Gounod's opera. Leatrice Joy is this heroine, called Anna Land, who works in a

A scene of dejection in *"The Rejected Woman." Alma Rubens, Conrad Nagel* and *George MacQuarrie* bid one another "good night," but the two young people are looking wide awake.

"SHY" is riot of Fun

canning factory by day and cultivates her voice by night. The story is preposterous, but Rod La Rocque is so arresting in the perfection of his performance that you are glad Jeanie MacPherson did not leave out a single episode. It seems that one need look no further for the finest American tragic comedian. Victor Varconi plays the other lover, and he is new and interesting. We never saw him before, and this may be his first screen appearance.

The story is about Anna, an attractive young factory worker who "over-saw" people making tin cans. When King Garnet was disinherited by his father, he proved his mettle by going to work as a porter after he was deposed as president. Here he says, "I can't be president, but I can be a canner. *Can* me if I can't."

Anna's other lover was an overseer with anarchistic tendencies, but he forgot all about his "brotherhood" talk when he was made president in King Garnet's place. Anna, it seems, is always sticking to one or the other of her lovers because he is poor; and they are always fluctuating! First one and then the other holds the realm. There is the sweetest ending, however, for Mr. De Mille did not resist everything.

Charles Ogle, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Raymond Hatton and Zasu Pitts give excellent support to the stars. May Edington wrote the original story, and Miss MacPherson did the scenario. If she wrote the titles, they are very, very good.

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AT RIGHT:

*Alfred Lunt and Jobyna Howland are—*pictorially speaking—in their *"Second Youth."*

AT BOTTOM OF PAGE:

A scene from *"Triumph,"* but not a triumphant scene. *Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy and Victor Varcom* look their glummest.

"THE REJECTED WOMAN"

Much Good Acting

A Distinctive picture, with Alma Rubens and Conrad Nagel, supported by George MacQuarrie, Wyndham Standing, Lenore Hughes and others. Written and adapted by John Lynch. Directed by Albert Parker.

Everybody does such excellent work in "The Rejected Woman" that one is inclined to feel that it is a good picture even while he knows that it isn't. "The Rejected Woman" was once "Blood and Gold," but somebody connected with Distinctive Pictures had what passes for an inspiration and he gave it the latter name.

When other people have raved over Alma Rubens' beauty and talents, we have remained quite cold. To us she seemed a nice, comfortable house-frau, with big eyes and nothing else. But suddenly something has happened to her. The same thing once happened to Lois Wilson. In the new picture, Alma Rubens is about 100 per cent better than she ever has been before, and we should say she is about 100 per cent perfect. As far as we are concerned, she is "The Accepted Woman," and this is the first time we ever saw her act at all.

The fact that Conrad Nagel, as the lover, does good work is not surprising, for he is one of the dependable ones, who was just as good in his first picture as he is now. As he was in the beginning he is now, and probably ever shall be. But we have discovered a new star and we wish to go on record now with our findings, so that a year from now we may say, "I told you so." His name is Antonio D'Algy, and if Distinctive is nice, it will sew him up tight with a contract. Antonio is Spanish, young, vivacious, handsome, and such a good actor! He is a comedian, so he should make a fine tragedian. A sense of humor is important because of the things it will prevent a man's doing. Antonio has a small part, but he makes it seem important in the doing.

The trouble with the story is the stilted manner in which it is told. As we sat and read those precious titles, how we longed to shatter them to bits and then remold them nearer our heart's desire! You couldn't become very much interested in a hero and heroine who talked nothing but rhetoric. And the author has even harked back to the old method of "asides," to the audience. For instance, after the heroine announces that she will tell the hero the truth about her past, there is a title which reads "telling the truth to one we love is not always an easy task when that truth will appear to damn us in the eyes of the world," or words to that effect. Now why, we ask, are these titles used? It would seem only to satisfy the desire of the author to be literary. And, after all, the heroine did not tell the truth. She married letting her young husband believe that she inherited her money. Now, (*Continued on page 24*)

A Society Girl in the Movies

The young and beautiful Natalie Vanderveer, tired of the social whirl, enters the movies as an "extra" under the name of Miss Judson. Read the interesting incidents that befell her in her new work-a-day world

I FELT decidedly uneasy as I stood facing Edwardo and heard him address me as Miss Vanderveer. The fact that I had attended a social function the previous evening, in my true position of wealth and fashion, was the cause of his recognizing me. I had no desire to lose my work as an "extra" in the studio, and yesterday's adventures, including my meeting with the strangely disturbing Mr. Remington, prompted my reply to the famous leading man.

"I—I am afraid you must be mistaken. I am Miss Judson, an extra in this picture," I told him, not daring to look into his eyes. In a flash I decided to avoid discovery if possible, and a "white lie" was the only way out of the situation.

It seemed an eternity before the man took his eyes off of me and spoke again.

"I have never seen such a remarkable resemblance in all my life. You are the living, breathing image of a Miss Vanderveer whom I met last night. And I must say she is a very beautiful girl," he added.

"Thank you," I murmured, thinking of the compliment he had paid me in a double way, as I started to walk away, and wondering just what would happen if he finally found out the truth. Of course he would be furious! I would have to explain it as a lark, and try to make him understand my side of it.

"You say you are an extra in this picture. Do you know any one worth while here? I mean, anyone who could help you get something good in the way of a part?" he asked.

"I am a stranger here. This is my second day in a studio," I answered, flattered somewhat to find his interest remaining after he no longer thought of me as Natalie Vanderveer.

"My name is Edwardo ———. I am starring in this picture. Let me see if I cannot lend you a hand, that is, if you wish to try for something better than mere extra work."

"I will be very much obliged," I answered, starting away once more. Suddenly I felt his hand taking mine. Instinctively I began to draw it away, but when I realized he was only saying "good-bye," I changed my mind.

I WILL not try to deny that his attention pleased me. Any girl, rich or poor, would have reacted to to the compliment of a famous star's interest, such as he had shown me. There was only one thing about his interest that disturbed me, and that was the menace of eventual discovery it contained for me.

Arriving upon the set, I scanned the faces of the crowd. I recognized many of the people from the day before. There was the old lady and her little grandchild, and the flashy woman who had told me about her Wall Street "daddy." Several of the pretty young girls. And, of course, the two men who had given me some inklings about Mr. Remington. But I was disappointed not to see the latter.

A man with a violin passed me and went over to a piano, where a girl was sitting at the stool. I watched them get out some music and tune up the violin. Naturally, I thought they were going to play a part in the picture as musicians of some description. But when Mr. Roberts called for lights, the cameras were not turned in the direction of the two musicians at all.

The machines were trained on a very humble parlor scene. An elderly lady, very short and slim, sat at a table in this parlor, holding her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now, Mrs. Johnston," said the director, walking over to the little old lady, "when Miss Smith comes in, you are simply to drop your handkerchief from your eyes, and try to make believe you have not been crying. Say to Miss Smith:

" 'Daughter, I'm—so—so glad you've come!'

"OF course you must show that you are struggling with your emotions, and trying to keep back your feelings. Continue to do this until she asks you if her brother is worse. Do not answer at once. Then suddenly break down. Let your head fall against Miss Smith. She will put her arms around you and both of you will try to comfort each other. Finally, when I say so, you and Miss Smith move from the table and walk slowly over to the door which is supposed to lead to your son's room, your arms still around each other.

"That's all clear, isn't it, Mrs. Johnston?"

The movie mother looked up at the director and nodded her head, a wan little smile lighting her tired face.

Suddenly the spell of music filled the studio air—music that pulled at my heart strings. The two musicians were playing that old song, "Hearts and Flowers."

"All right, Mrs. Johnston, your handkerchief to your eyes . . . heave your shoulders a little. That's it! Fine! Keep that up!

"Camera!" shouted the director.

All this time the throbbing notes of the violin rose and fell, bringing to me a swift rush of emotions.

"They always play that number to make the tears flow in a scene like this. I heard 'em playing it over at the Famous Players studio twice," I overheard a girl at my side whisper to her companion.

Her words explained the reason of the music to me. Later, I found out that the directors always resorted to music in order to arouse the actors and actresses to that pitch of emotion capable of making them cry in the scenes calling for tears.

Perhaps I was very susceptible to sentiment, but, at any rate, tears came into my own eyes when the little old lady looked up into Miss Smith's face, and broke down over the bad news about her son. As I turned away from the scene, I found myself face to face with Mr. Remington.

He was standing just a little behind me, dressed in the worn-looking suit of yesterday. I spoke to him very softly and he answered with a slight bow of his head.

"Aren't you late?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I was told not to report until ten today. I am not to be used in any scenes except the two doubling stunts for the star," he answered in an undertone.

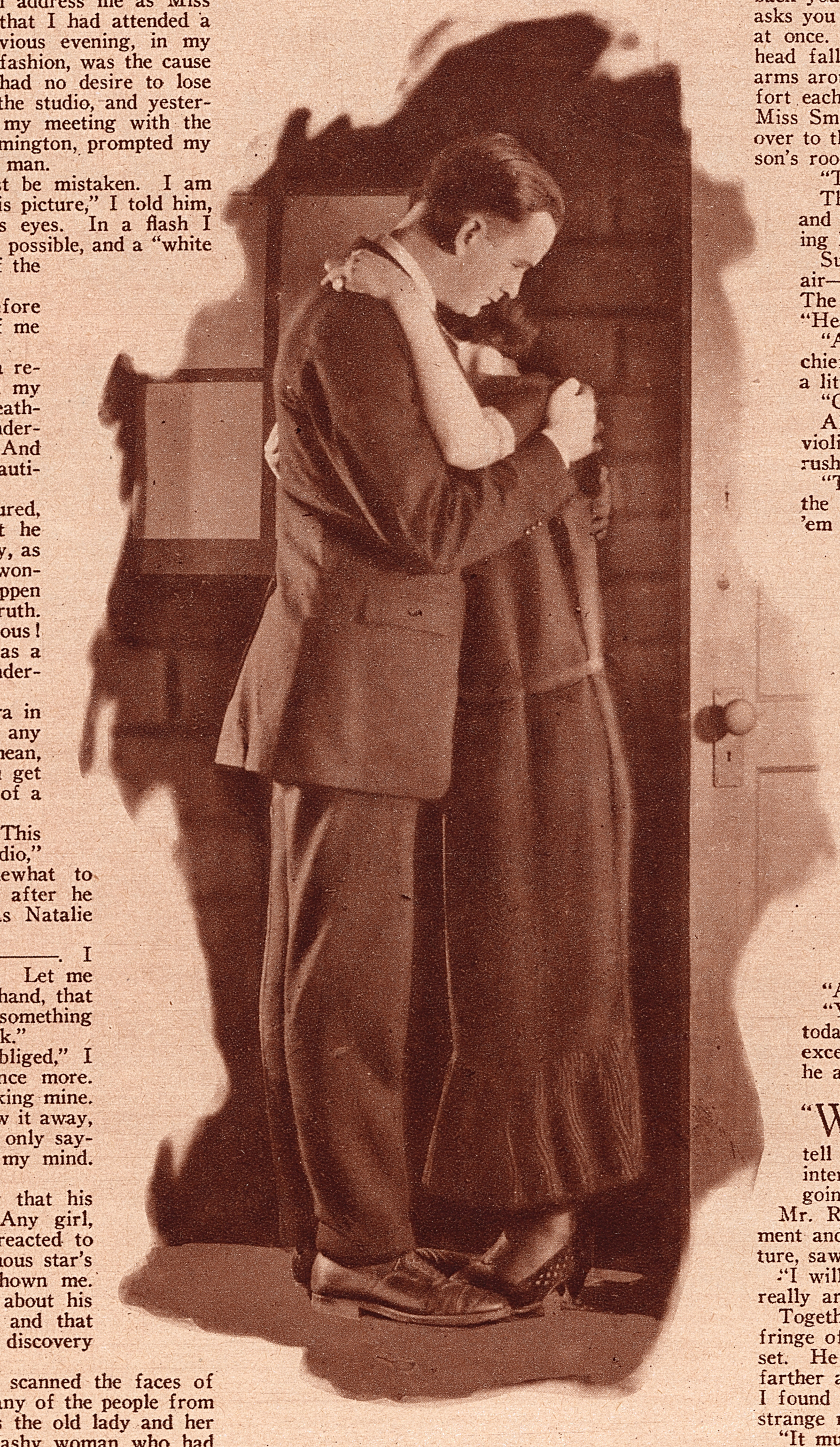
"WILL you take me over there," pointing to a divan some distance away, "and tell me about what you have to do. I am so interested to know all about it. And is it going to be really dangerous?"

Mr. Remington scanned the crowd for a moment and then his eyes, following my hand's gesture, saw the divan. He turned to me:

"I will tell you all that I know about it if you really are interested," he said.

Together we threaded our way through the fringe of the crowd that was gathered around the set. He seated me and took a place on the divan farther away from me than I wished. However, I found myself happy in the very presence of the strange man.

"It must have taken nerve to volunteer for this doubling act as you did yesterday," I said, remembering that no one else had come forward to ask for the job.



His arms and her arms seemed to stretch out at the same instant. Their bodies merged. I saw *Stuart Remington* bending down to kiss her.

"No," he returned, "I do not think it was a case of nerve so much as a case of necessity."

"Necessity?" I repeated, not comprehending.

"Exactly. I needed the money he offered. And, when I realized that my size made me a logical double for the star, I jumped at the chance," was his explanation.

I ASKED myself what could be his pressing need of money . . . a need that demanded him to save five-cent carfares, and risk his life, perhaps, for twenty-five or fifty dollars. Of course I was at a loss to answer my question, and naturally I did not dare ask him about such a personal matter.

"There are two scenes in this picture where the hero supposedly risks his life to save the heroine from tragic situations. In one he leaps upon the running board of a speeding automobile and fights the driver in an effort to get control of the car and rescue the heroine, who is bound and gagged in the back seat——"

"But, it will be so easy to fall off and——" I cried in alarm.

"No, there won't be so much danger in that scene, for the car will not be going terribly fast. The cameramen will slow down their machines and thus register the effect of fast motion on the motor's part. The real danger lies not so much in my falling off the car to the ground, but in my falling off and rolling under the car. That might mean a broken arm or leg. However, a man who has taken as many falls in football as I have can come pretty near falling the right way," he said.

"You look as if you must have been a fine football player," I told him, appraising the width of his shoulders. "Where did you play?"

"At Yale," he replied casually enough.

Yale—Yale—Yale! The word rang in my ears, dinning its significance into my brain. So he was a Yale man, a football player! Well, I had believed from the first that he was a man whose life might boast a university background. His admission only served to throw more mystery and glamor around him.

Of course I had heard of many college graduates working at strange jobs in order to make a living, but to find a man of his type apparently earning his daily bread by posing as an "extra" in the movies, and without any ambition or wish to make a career in pictures, was unusual, to say the least.

"What is the other thing you must do?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment, apparently pausing to choose his words with care.

"I am to enter a burning building to rescue the heroine's little sister. Mr. Roberts admits it will be a far more realistic and dangerous fire than the kind generally staged in a studio . . . and that I can expect to be burned, slightly, scorched or suffocated," he finished, a wry sort of smile on his lips.

I looked at the man wonderingly. He had spoken of danger to himself as if there was nothing to fear or worry about. I realized then that although he said very little, every statement he made penciled a new phase of his character.

Another spell of stillness came upon us, during which I noticed the Kleig lights that furnish the sun-light brightness so necessary for photography in the studios, were continually shooting up and down, giving the effect of an electrical storm. Suddenly they flared into a blinding blue-yellow streak . . . and then came darkness.

THERE was a sound of commotion over on the set as the lights remained down. Voices, the stirring of feet, the noise of a chair or some other article of furniture being knocked down, mixed and mingled, filling the place with a suggestion of impending panic.

"Lights, John, lights!" I heard Director Roberts' voice booming above the storm of excitement that the darkness had produced.

A lull followed in the wake of his voice. But it was quickly broken by an answer to his demand.

"Main fuse blown out, sir!" called a heavy voice.

The director told everyone to stay in place, and then requested the electricians to bring on some searchlights at once. In a very short space of time, yellow rays of light were flashing here and there in the crowd, and as soon as some of the workmen could set them up, three huge oil lamps were hung and lighted.

We were all instructed to continue holding our places until the studio lights were put in condition again. For almost a half an hour we remained in the half-light of the glimmering and smoky lamps. At the end of this time, Mr. Roberts announced that the lights would not be working until the next day.

"Everyone here now will kindly report in the morning at the usual time. Now I want to see Mr. Stuart Remington for a moment."

The man at my side got up at these words. For a moment he bent above me, looking down as his glance and mine exchanged.

"Good night, Miss Judson," he said, holding out his hand.

His words and the offer of his hand were the first two efforts he had really made to be friendly towards me. A warm glow came over me as his big fingers closed upon mine.

"Good night," I returned, wondering why I felt the urge to search past the mystery lurking in the depths of his eyes, and wondering, too, why the slight pressure of his fingers meant so vastly much more than the handshake of any other man ever had.

All the way to the dressing room I pondered these things in my heart to no avail, for I could not fathom the things he was bringing to pass in my life.

At the cashier's office I was told that Edwardo ———, the star, would like to see me in the scenario department before I left. I found my way there, tingling with curiosity, and yet fearful that I would miss Stuart Remington. As we were being let off nearly an hour earlier than usual, Frank would not be waiting for me so I had telephoned the garage, leaving instructions for him not to come up after me. It was my intention to walk down to the city line with Mr. Remington if the chance afforded itself, and see what a subway ride would be like. You see, I had never been in a subway train in all my life, and I thought it would be great fun to try my first one with him.

I found the scenario department, and upon entering discovered Mr. Remington sitting there. He told me he was waiting on a copy of the scenes in which he had agreed to double for the star.

"IT IS early, and I feel like exercise. I wonder if you would mind my walking down to the subway with you?" I asked him, shocked at my own audacity, for although he may not have realized it, I knew I was throwing myself in his way.

My proposal wrought no visible change in his attitude or expression. He told me it would be very pleasant to have my company, and that was about all there was to it.

"I have to see Mr. ———," I said, calling the star by name," so if you will wait a few moments for me, I will be right along."

Stuart Remington agreed to do so.

In a private office, beyond the general scenario department, I found Edwardo ———, Mr. Roberts, his assistant, and a man I had not seen around the studio before. He was presented to me as "Mr. King," and I learned he was the scenario editor.

"You know what I was telling you this morning—that I would be glad to give you a helping hand in this game? Well, Mr. King has just given me my next scenario to look over. If you care to ride into town with me now, I'll hurry through it and see if there's anything in the script that might fit you. Then, maybe I can get the part assigned to you," the star said to me in an undertone.

His words sort of took me by surprise. It was a chance to get a start up the ladder! But I did not forget that Stuart Remington said he would be pleased to have me walk with him to the subway. And I remembered that my whole being was fired by the anticipation of accompanying him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. ———, that I cannot accept your kind invitation tonight. I have made some arrangements which would interefere with my doing so. But I certainly appreciate your kind thought, and I would like you to help me in any way you can. Perhaps," I paused wondering if it would be wise to suggest that we meet some other time and go over the scenario.

"ARE you going to be busy tonight, after dinner?" he asked, taking advantage of my pause.

"Why, no. That is, I do not think so. Why?" I asked.

"I thought you might care to run over to my place on East Seventy-third Street. I call it my 'studio.' Mr. King, here, is coming over to discuss stories. We might go into your case then. My telephone number is Butterfield 6780. Suppose you call me up, say a half an hour before coming over, if you care to," he suggested.

"Thank you, if possible (*Continued on page 27*)

A limpness shot through my limbs and muscles. My body swayed for a moment, and I reeled backwards as if dealt a blow.

The White Sin

Buffeted by fate, *Hattie Lou* finds release at last and happiness in a good man's love. A gripping story fictionized from the *Palmer* photoplay by *Harold Shumate*, as released by the *Film Booking Office*

By Charles Warnerby

THE situation now for Hattie Lou in the Van Gore home was indeed delicate. Legally the wife of Preston Van Gore, whom she thoroughly detested for his despicable treatment of her, and beloved by Grant, his invalid brother, she found her stay in the household of her husband and his family anything but a pleasant matter.

Upon the return of Preston Van Gore and his sister Grace from their shipwreck in the South Seas, after the Van Gore yacht, the *Narka*, had been sunk, Hattie Lou had tried to view her husband through lenient eyes. But the rankling memory of the supposedly false marriage she had been tricked into on the *Narka*, that was only redeemed from its mockery by the fact that the boat was on the high seas when the ceremony was performed—thereby making it legal, was still uppermost in Hattie Lou's mind, and she could not forget the wrong done her. It was no credit to Preston Van Gore that she was now his legal wife. She had become this more through accident than anything else.

The knowledge, too, as women always do know such things, that Grant Van Gore loved her, was an additional wedge between Preston and herself, which widened as the days passed by and the silent adoration of the invalid brother became more eloquent through its mute homage. Yes, Grant loved her, she knew, while, as for herself — well, she loved him. The thought of this was ever distressingly dampened by the almost constant presence of Preston Van Gore. In spite of Grace's threat to tell her father on the day she had found him attempting to force his attentions upon Hattie Lou, he still hovered about, his manner sullen and truculent.

Hattie Lou knew that Grant Van Gore was acquainted with everything. She could tell it by the quiet light of understanding and sympathy that shone from his fine, dark eyes. It comforted her to think that she had a friend and protector in this quarter, as well. For the fine rectitude of Grace's attitude, her inherent fairness and squareness, had done much to make easy Hattie Lou's remaining on at the Van Gore house.

The week following the return of Preston and Grace, a dinner and reception were given by the Van Gores. It was to celebrate, in a sense, the rescue of the two younger members of the family, and the upper crust of Farm Center's society were all present to extend their felicitations to the two castaways. Hattie Lou had met many of those who were present in former years, but her contact now was on a different footing—one of equality—than it was in the past.

Following the dinner, however, in which Hattie Lou was conscious only of the quiet gaze of Grant Van Gore almost constantly upon her, she retired early, her heart in a sick sort of tumult. For days past, she realized suddenly now, she had been growing to care more and more for Grant Van Gore, and the obstacle that Preston, his brother, and her own legal husband interposed, turned her sick with discouragement and despair.

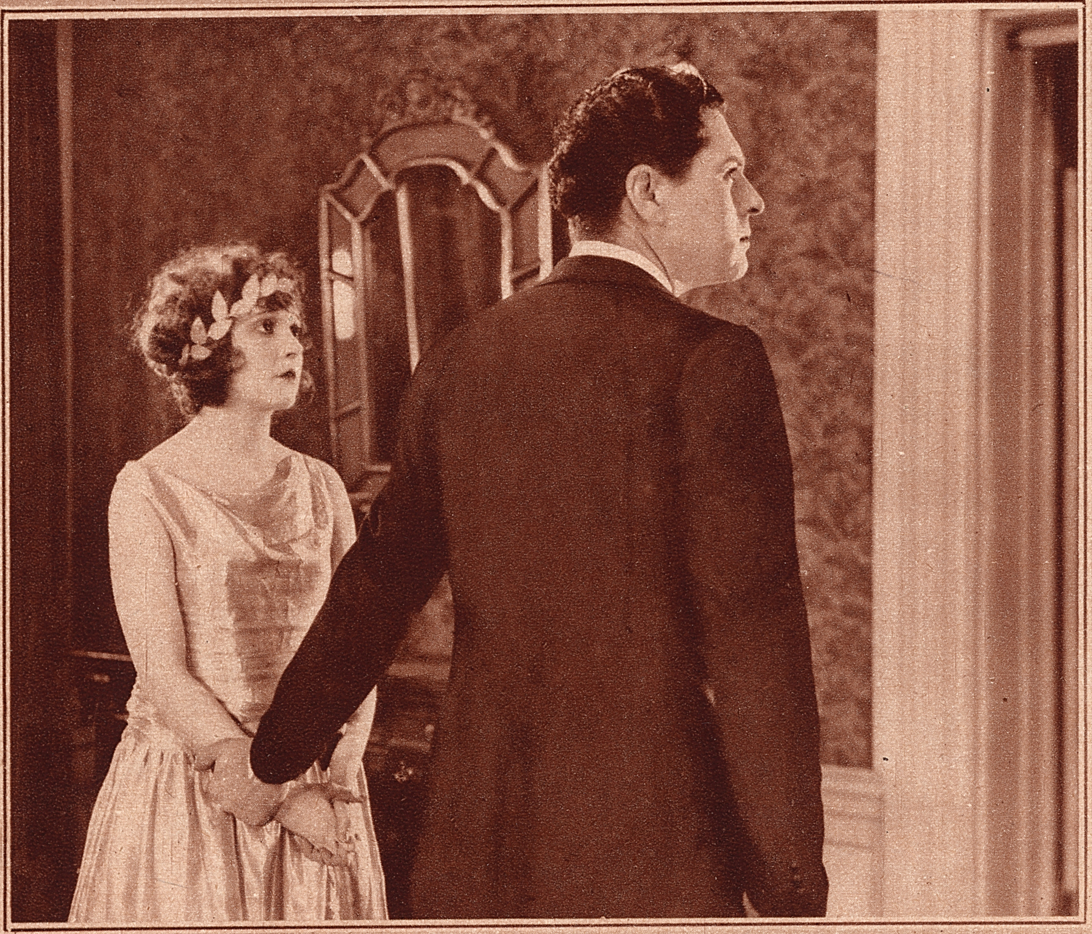
Her baby had been put to bed early, and Hattie Lou now joined it, clasping its warm little body to her breast with an outburst of passionate love. The baby was always her solace in the face of whatever misfortune presented itself. Somehow, she had a feeling, matters were going to readjust themselves. Meanwhile, she had only to wait. Comforted, in a measure, by this thought, Hattie Lou fell asleep, lulled into slumber by the distant sound of music from below, where the assembled guests were dancing.

It was hours later, after the last guest had gone, that the Van Gore household was aroused by the harsh cry of "Fire!" With most of the household but recently retired, the alarm found a quick response, but by Hattie Lou and her baby, asleep in a distant wing of the house, it was unheard until flames enveloped the entire Van Gore house.

Outside of the Van Gore home the family gathered, secure in the thought of their safety, until Grant Van Gore, in a frantic search for Hattie Lou, felt sure that the girl was still within the doomed house.

"Hattie Lou's inside!" he shouted hoarsely.

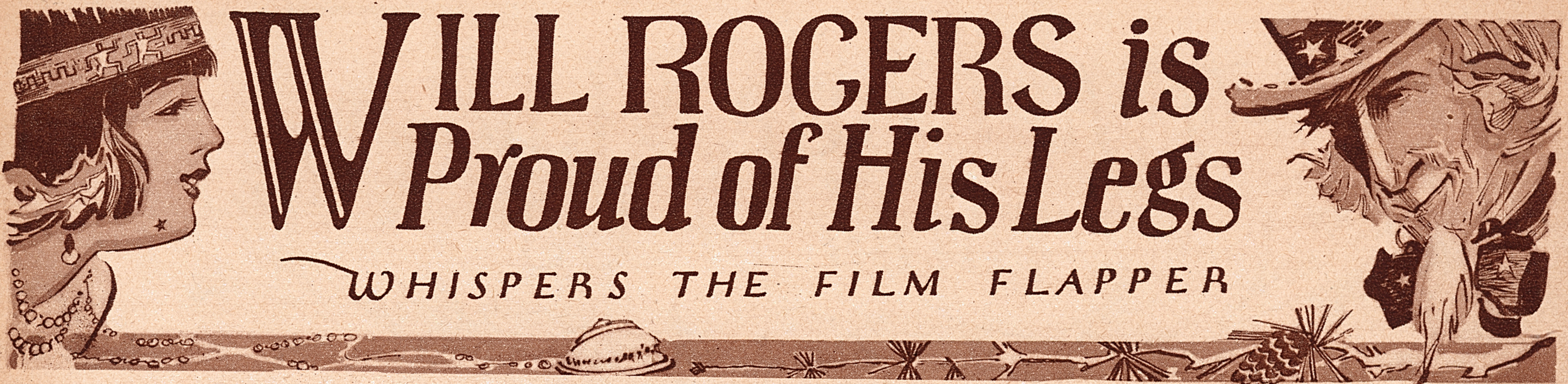
A scream of anguish from Grace Van Gore followed the announcement from Grant. Only Preston remained silent, biting his lips in evident inability to decide upon a course of action. And while he stood there, inactive, Grant Van Gore limped across to the burning house and entered its seething cauldron of flame. Shouts and pleadings from the other members of the household were unavailing in turning him back. He vanished into the red sea of flame and smoke.



"Well," he said at last to *Hattie Lou*, without turning his head, "there goes the last of your old life, *Hattie Lou*."

THE action of Grant Van Gore roused Preston from the dumb inertia in which he was plunged. Unsteadily, but with a definite purpose, he followed his brother by a margin of two minutes and found him exhausted, half-way up the hall stairway. Half carrying, half dragging him, Preston bore Grant out through the flame and smoke to the lawn before the house. Then, hesitating only an instant, he started back into the burning house again to seek for Hattie Lou.

In her room above, Hattie Lou only awakened after the smell of smoke had made breathing difficult. Rising, bewildered, she gasped her way with her baby to the open window, where she could breath more easily. The (*Continued on page 28*)



WILL ROGERS is Proud of His Legs

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

When Will Rogers dolls up, it is something to talk about. All togged up, by heck, sporting short trousers and silk stockings, Rogers is galloping around the Hal Roach studio. It isn't that his legs are sunburned, but just that he is now hobnobbing with kings, having recently been appointed Ambassador to England in the third and last of his political satires, which Rob Wagner is directing.

We were remarking the other day on the symmetry of Rogers' legs, as revealed in the silk stockings.

"'Course I got good legs," said Rogers. "How else do you suppose I stayed in the Follies six years?"

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No Wrinkles for Mrs. Daniels

When Bebe Daniels came home from the studio following the accident when her clothes caught fire on the set during the making of "Monsieur Beaucaire," she didn't tell her mother of the accident, for fear of worrying her.

"I never knew a thing about it," declared Bebe's mother to me the other day, "until a newspaper man called me up next day to ask me about it. I thought that he was kidding. Bebe never tells me anything that she thinks will worry me."

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The House That Bebe Built

Speaking of Bebe Daniels, she is going to have to rent or lease for a year, during which time she will be in New York, her handsome new home in Hollywood, which cost something like $30,000. The house was designed, as were all its elegant furnishings, by Bebe herself. Miss Daniels designed even the beautiful wrought-brass electric fixtures.

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Florence Lawrence Now a Broker

Florence Lawrence, once a great favorite on the screen, has gone into the real estate business in Los Angeles, and declares she expects to make more than she could by acting.

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Constance Talmadge Gets Namesake

The busy Hollywood stork has arrived at the home of Earle Williams, and has brought Mr. and Mrs. Williams a little daughter. The little girl is christened Joan Constance, the Constance being in honor of Constance Talmadge, who is a great friend of Mrs. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams have been married about four years, but this is the first time the stork has visited them. They are very happy over the event. Mrs. Williams was critically ill at the time of her daughter's birth, but is rapidly recovering, and the little girl is thriving.

A pretty nursery has been fitted up at the Williams' home, and a special nurse has been installed to look after the comfort of the wee arrival.

We can see Earle standing about in the clubs telling everyone about the youngster's new molar. "Not just because she's mine, you know—oh, no—but she really is quite exceptional."

Miss and Mrs. Logan Coming East

Jacqueline Logan is to make a film version of Arthur Stringer's story, "Empty Hands." She will go to New York to make the picture, and, of course, her mother will go with her. Mrs. Logan is an artist herself, and was formerly a member of the Bostonians Light Opera Company, an organization famous twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Logan's voice is beautiful, and she plays the piano exquisitely, too. The Logans have a pretty house in Hollywood, which they hate to leave, and to which they will return as soon as possible.

Here is *Alice Terry,* without the blonde wig which her fans are accustomed to seeing her wear.

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Bert Would Walk a Mile From a Camel

Bert Lytell has returned from Europe, and will shortly start work on a new picture. He played the leading male role in "The Son of the Sahara," which Edwin Carewe directed, and says that he enjoyed himself hugely while abroad, especially enjoying the desert work, though he doesn't so much care for these high-power camels as mode of locomotion.

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Introducing Alice Terry's Arab

Alice Terry and Kado-Ab-Del-Kader, her nine-year-old Arab ward, has arrived in Los Angeles for a short visit with her mother. Miss Terry will remain in California only about three weeks, after which she will again join her husband, Rex Ingram, in New York.

The Arab youngster is a dark-eyed, handsome little fellow, who seems a bit bewildered by all the new things he is seeing away from his native desert. He likes best to ride in an automobile, but is scared of the merry-go-round, despite the fact he was brought up amid Arabian steeds.

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Miss Minter Still Marking Time

Mary Miles Minter continues to do nothing except to enjoy herself at parties and theatres. However, her friends all contend that she is earning her vacation, inasmuch as she worked all through her childhood. She has been staying with friends in Pasadena most of the time.

The former Lasky star has received several offers for pictures and vaudeville, but continues to turn them down, as she feels that she can afford to wait for just the right thing.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Opera Devotees

Leatrice Joy and her husband, Jack Gilbert, are great grand opera lovers. They have been enjoying themselves hugely during the recent visit of the Chicago Grand Opera Company to Los Angeles, and even though both were working until late in the evening and getting up early to go to the studio, have managed to take a peep at all the more important operas.

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Dog-gone!

Little Bill Hart, Jr., has a faithful heart. His little dog was run over and killed by an automobile a short time ago. Little Bill still goes about the house, searching for his pet, and saying, "All gone! All gone!"

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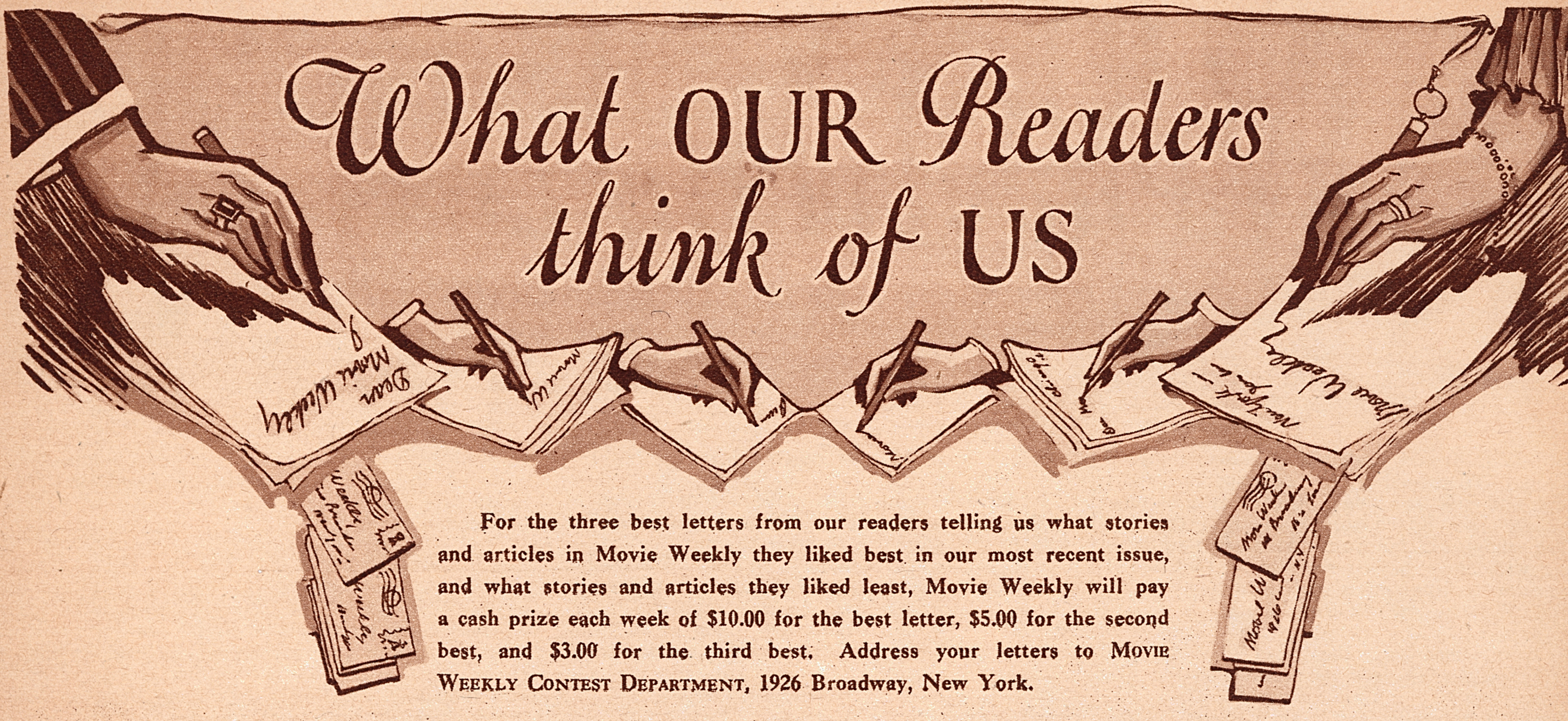
Pat Has Another Girl

And speaking of the stork, Pat O'Malley's wife has just presented him with another little girl, making the third heiress to be born to Pat. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Mrs. Pat O'Malley was Lillian Wilkes and the two are a happy, contented couple with their three offspring, and are an ideal family. Mr. O'Malley continues to work along the lines that have established him, that of a smiling, fighting Irishman. No name has yet been given to the little girl.



For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

First I want to thank Movie Weekly for its generosity in giving the fans a chance to express their opinions of its contents.

I like your tactful dealing with the problems of those movie stars who have met with misfortunes, like those of our beloved Wallie Reid, Mabel Normand and others. Movie Weekly is accurate in its statements and can always be counted on for thirty-two pages of good fresh news.

Every real fan loves his or her star and wishes to know all about them. The adorable old Colonel certainly caters to the whims of the fans, and if he cannot cram an answer to every question into his over-crowded page, the sister departments, Whispers of the Film Flapper and On the Set and Off, usually contain the information.

Why not enlarge this department? Nearly all your letters ask it. Also cut short the fiction; your current articles are so good they make fiction needless.

Then I think all the fans will agree with me in asking that one whole page be devoted to a large photo of some famous star. For instance, if Novarro's photo, on last week's cover, had been inside, where the smaller one was, we would have had a beautiful photo to hang in our room instead of the small one, spoiled by the eagle in the corner.

Please just give us those clear pictures and let the Colonel have the space devoted to fiction! Your manner of saying things in a chatty, easy way brings us close to our worshipped stars, and you give us all the news we could ask for about them.

Your articles about the views of stars on different things are also intensely interesting and well written. Of course we all love Rudy and want more of his articles; you might also devote a page to explaining "trick pictures." We all like to know how they are made.

Hoping to have a chance to read Movie Weekly for ever and ever, allow me to dub her Queen of Movie Magazines.

HUGH JOHN PEPPERS.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Having been a constant reader of Movie Weekly for a number of years, I feel able to give an intelligent criticism of the magazine.

First and foremost is your fight against foolish censorship. I am positive that, should the public be consulted, it would be found that most of our clean, sane-minded patrons are entirely against it.

Secondly, there is your article on the Mabel Normand scandal, which showed your high standard of fair play and justice.

Third in importance, we are given an insight into the filming of the "Ten Commandments," and also into the filming of "The Thief of Bagdad."

I think your interviews with the various stars are the best on the market. They are not ridiculously untrue publicity stunts, but such as we can recognize as being facts and not fiction.

I hope you will continue the Chit Chat and Reel Dope columns as I, as well as many others, derive a great deal of amusement from them.

One of *Hollywood's* happy homes. *Virginia Valli* and her husband, *Demarest Lamson,* after three years of married life.

"Picture Ratings" I was sorry to see discontinued, as I saw most of the pictures according to the marks allotted them.

I know many others will agree with me in saying that your melodramatic serials are the worst features of the magazine. Why not contribute the space to giving us more information about the stars and their doings? Also, you could devote a page to the picture ratings; but if you feel you must have some melodrama, give us one instead of two or three.

As a whole, I believe your magazine to be the best one of its kind on the market.

IDA MILLER.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I always look for Movie Weekly on the newsstands before I think of any other magazine. It is so newsy and congenial. Reading through its pages is like talking to an old friend, reliable and true.

I really must confess, though, to beginning at the end. Like a Chinaman, isn't it? But I have the Colonel's delightful page for my reason.

I don't care for your fiction, it is too suggestive of "ye old-time" dime novel. Give us more interviews with the stars, and not only those in prominence, but the lesser actors, too. I think Movie Weekly is the squarest screen magazine on the market. There is no favoritism. And it *is* an added attraction to have a star edit the paper at times.

I always depend on the Reviewer's page for my theatre program. I saw "The Fighting Coward," and I would not have gone were it not for that splendid review of its merits.

In your April 12th issue you have collected a series of interesting articles, each different, that were bound to please the most particular public. I greatly enjoyed that interview with Ramon Novarro. And I can't express my gratitude to the Flapper's page. It answers my innermost wishes before I've finished wishing.

I'm not a howling success as a critic, but I must object to your fiction. Leave it out, and give up that space to more interviews and pictures. I love your pictures, give us more of them. I like your magazine, and I am saving every copy to show my grand children some day. But I'll have to grow up first.

PAULET HODGE.

Honorable Mention

In the April 5th issue, the article, "Study the Stars If You Would Be Loved by Men," written by Louise Morgan was, I am sure, relished by hundreds of girl fans because of the fact, you know, that "a hint to the wise is sufficient"; many girls will profit by these hints.

The Latest Photoplay, I like immensely and I read all of it. The critics view these pictures in their true light and they give us a clear idea of what they think of a picture.

I think you ought to cut out the dramatic stories and devote more space to the Colonel and to the Latest Photoplay.

JEAN ROSS.

Blonde Thinks Richard Barthelmess the Handsomest Actor

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

A TACOMA BLONDE—Sure, I'll take home a blonde. Only I see you like Richard Barthelmess. Yes, he is handsome—but married. His wife is Mary Hay and there is a little Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. Write him at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York.

COSETTE—So you think I should have a raise? Have you any influence with the editor? Louise Lorraine lives at 1533 N. Edgemont Ave., Los Angeles. David Butler lives at 972 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles, and Irene Rich at 8082 Selma Ave., Los Angeles. Constance Binney is playing in "Sweet Little Devil," at the Central Theatre, Broadway and 47th St., N. Y.

JACKIE—So you're in love with Cullen Landis? Well, maybe you'd have a chance; there has just been a divorce suit in his family. His wife was Mignon Le Brun and they have several daughters. Write him at 1504 Gardner St., Los Angeles.

J. R. B.—So you think I'm a jewel for answering your questions? What kind of jewel? Of course I'd like to be a diamond, but it would be just my luck to be a lapis-lazuli, or something cheap like that. Tom Mix is forty-four and is married to Victoria Forde. He is from Texas. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson.

J. B.—Doris Kenyon has long since finished "The Love Bandit." At the time this goes to press, she is playing in Rudolph's picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire." Norma and Constance have not announced plans for their next pictures.

GERTY—Mrs. Rudolph Valentino is Winifred Hudnut. See JACKIE. Nikky in "Long Live the King," was played by Allan Forrest. All plans for filming "Romeo and Juliet" in the near future have gone astray.

NELL—Of course I'll answer your questions; then no one can say I "ain't done right by our Nell." The leads in "The Exile" were played by John Gilbert and Betty Bouton. Fred Warren played the doctor; Margaret Fielding and John Webb Dillon were also in the cast. Marian Nixon lives at 4145½ Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; Barbara Bedford, 8449 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles, and William Scott, 2045 Dracena Drive, Los Angeles. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are not engaged.

T. A. G.—It's always "tag day" for you, I suppose. Tom Moore doesn't give his age. He is married to Renee Adoree. He lives at 1919 Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles.

H. P.—Certainly I'll excuse your handwriting. I've excused worse things than that. Edward Burns is twenty-seven and unmarried. He lives at 1346 Sycamore St., Los Angeles. I think he would send you his portrait free. Write Bert Lytell at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood.

WINNIE BEADMAN—I don't blame you for thinking so much of Shirley Mason. She is just as nice to know as to see on the screen. Her husband, Bernard Durning, died last winter of pneumonia. Shirley was born in Brooklyn, in 1901. Her latest picture is "The Strange Woman."

WHIZ BANG BILL—You can whiz-bang Bill if you like, but I don't care to be whiz-banged; it's too strenuous. Eva Novak is Mrs. Richard Reed. I don't know where she can be reached just now.

BILLIE GOAT—Are you always butting in? Mary Beth Milford's address is F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. She is not married. Louise Lorraine is also unmarried. SEE COSETTE.

DOLLY MINE—William Farnum has not been very active on the screen lately, but he has now signed up with Lasky and will soon start work again. He was born in Boston, July 4, 1876. He is married to Olive White. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS ADMIRER — This seems to be Richard Barthelmess day in question and answer circles. He has been in pictures about nine years. His latest is "The Enchanted Cottage." See above.

There's no welcome on the mat for little *Jackie Lucas* when he interrupts the love scene between *Alberta Vaughn* and *Jack Cooper*. In *Mack Sennett's "Rough and Ready."*

LOUISE L.—I should say your questions are two letters worth. But how much are two letters worth? It depends on whom they are from, doesn't it? If you can make any sense out of that, you're good. Yes, Gertrude Astor played in "The Wanters"; Norma Shearer played Marjorie. Ward Crane played Templeton Druid in "Pleasure Mad," and Winifred Bryson played Geraldine De Lacy. Write Ramon Novarro at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

S. W. A. K.—Then I hope your lip rouge—if any—is kiss-proof. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen. Johnny Walker played Blake in "Red Lights." Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson and Clara Kimball Young were all born in Chicago.

BARNEY GOOGLE—I'm always being called upon to settle arguments. Oh, well, it's good training; some day I may be judge in the Supreme Court. So far as I know, Kenneth Harlan's name is his own. He was born in 1895. He has brown hair and eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 180. His engagement to Marie Prevost apparently is all off. Thomas Meighan has a brother James.

I. C. U.—Well, you don't see much, I assure you. Lloyd Hughes' latest picture is "The Sea Hawk." Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino have both played in too many pictures for me to list them all here. "Blood and Sand" ended in the death of the hero in a bull-fight.

A NO. 1—In other words, you think you're all right. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope and they live at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. Ivor Novello is back in England; the only address I can suggest for him is c-o Griffith Office, 1476 Broadway, New York. He is not married and neither is George O'Hara. Write George at the F. B. O. Studio. See BILLIE GOAT.

BILLY DESLOW—Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope; he is twenty-five. He lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. John Bowers lives at 141 S. Manhattan Place, Hollywood. Bryant Washburn is married to Mabel Chidester.

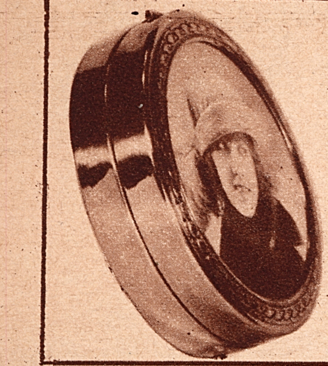
BLUE EYES—Yes, Jack Holt's name is really that. He was born in Winchester, Va., about thirty-odd years ago. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

MICKEY—Write Gloria Swanson, Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. Theda Bara is thirty-four. As she is not playing on the screen now, I don't know where she can be reached. The same is true of Katherine MacDonald and Cleo Madison. Arline Pretty lives at Hillview Apts., Hollywood.

J. V. G.—Thomas Meighan is very much married—very long, that is—to Frances Ring. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1883; he has dark hair and eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 170. Lila Lee was born in New York nineteen years ago. She has black hair and eyes, is five feet three and weighs 110. Write her c-o Hodkinson, 469 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

M. E. K.—So you think I should sign my mail "lovingly" instead of "sincerely?" Are you trying to compromise me into a breach of promise suit or so? Sorry I can't tell you anything about the Swedish actor, Einor Hansson. Most of those foreign films are sold over here after they are all finished, and even the American companies releasing them do not know the players.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel



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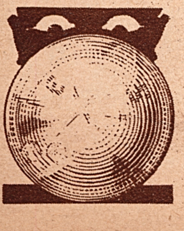

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Will the Deserted Village of Moviedom Live Again?

(*Continued from page* 13)

once turned out such pictures as those of the one-time matinee idol, Carlyle Blackwell, June Elvidge and Alice Brady, has burned down three or four years ago.

But there still remain enough studios, in poor repair, it is true, to give Fort Lee encouragement in inducing the industry to return to its old home. Who knows but that the day will come again when the ponderous ferries that ply across the Hudson from New York to New Jersey will again be loaded down with pretty girls trying to get a chance in the movies, or the more familiar faces of handsome men and women who are stars well-known to the public.

Then, again, perhaps, if the trade association of Fort Lee is successful in its efforts, will the streets of the little village echo to the footsteps of famous picture people or the honk honk of their motor cars.

That will be the time when, if Fort Lee's hopes come true, the deserted village of moviedom will live again.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 17)

isn't it funny how, when the heroine is falsely accused, she always becomes inarticulate? The day after the wedding, the villain pops up with all the cancelled checks which he had given to the heroine and, instead of saying, "he lent me the money as an investment to study singing in Paris. Ask Aunt Elise, if you don't believe me," she could only stammer and faint. When a word would clear up a whole eight-reel drama, that word never is spoken. Yes, the picture is in eight reels. It needs to be cut to six.

Albert Parker directed it and John Lynch is responsible for the story and the titles.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"SECOND YOUTH"

Thumbs Down!

A Goldwyn picture, featuring Mimi Palmeri and Alfred Lunt, supported by Jobyna Howland, Lynn Fontaine and Walter Catlett. Directed by Albert Parker.

Seeing "Second Youth" made us very sad. It seemed such a lamentable waste of good material. Why not call it "Senility" or "Dotage," instead of "Second Youth?" Then one would be in a way prepared for what is to follow. If you suspect from our remarks that we do not think much of Alfred Lunt's latest Distinctive Picture, you are quite right. It has even less distinction than his previous ones, "Backbone" and "The Ragged Edge." Mimi Palmeri is co-starred with Mr. Lunt, but she alone is not enough to spoil the picture. She has had hearty co-operation from all concerned.

That brilliant young actor, Alfred Lunt, who has all New York gaping over his marvelous performance in "Outward Bound," is unbelievably bad as the absent-minded hero of "Second Youth." He is a feeble imitation of "Clarence," but he over-acts so that what was originally intended for gentle farce becomes vulgar slapstick. As everybody in the picture is guilty of the same crime, it may be inferred that "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars," but in the director. *Cherchez l'homme.* And the finger points to Albert Parker.

"Second Youth" is not alone a waste of film; it is a waste of histrionic talent. For such artists as Lynn Fontaine, Margaret Dale, Jobyna Howland Herbert Corthell and little Mickey, the freckle-faced child wonder, are sacrificed to make a "Distinctive Screen Classic."

The plot is (it's a shame to reveal it) that a rich man dares his sister-in-law to invite a silk salesman, whom she does not know, out to dinner. She accepts the dare and invites Alfred Lunt to dine with her. That's the bare outline of the story, but hardly more bare than the finished product. A lot of people rattle around without accomplishing anything. Lynn Fontaine is one of the most attractive of these.

How the Screen Stars Keep Their Beauty

(*Continued from page 9*)

hair until it squeaks when she draws it through her hands. Does your hair do that?

Then, with fresh linen towels, she rubs her hair between her hands and rubs her scalp hard to stimulate the circulation. She says that whenever it is possible, she dries her hair in the sunshine, as it actually seems to take on an added brilliance. She cautions against using Turkish towels, because the lint comes off and starts the hair with dust in it even before it is dry.

As her hair is naturally curly, just before it is thoroughly dry, she makes curls all over her head—just like little girls wear them—by combing and brushing the damp curls around her finger. The hair on top which is not made into curls, she presses into waves with her hands; or if it is stubborn, she uses narrow long combs, locking the teeth together to hold them in place. She most emphatically says that she uses no heat from hot air blowers, nor electric heaters, because they dry her hair too much and make it dull and brittle.

When she is ready to arrange it, she combs it out, using a wet comb, which she occasionally dips in water, and presses the waves and curls in place as she arranges them. They usually stay just where they are put, so she does not need a hair net, as a rule.

So, you girls who spend five or ten minutes a day before your mirror and have a hit or miss schedule for shampooing, had better take heed. If a girl who has beautiful hair goes to so much trouble and pains to improve it, perhaps it behooves the rest of us to pay a little more attention to our hair.

WHILE speaking of trouble and pains in the pursuit of Beauty, it might not go amiss to mention little Helen Ferguson, one of the baby stars that the Wampas launched last year. Helen thought that a cute, upturned tilt to her nose would be more attractive than the aristocratic bridge she presented to the camera, so she just had the troublesome hump lopped off. I hear she is very much satisfied with the result, but—she can't smell a thing! Imagine! Oh, well, Beauty is worth it, you know. Beauty went bone deep in that case.

Another beautiful girl, one who is famous for her lovely hands and arms, admits to the most diligent care of them. Here again the question of soap comes in. Only the purest soap will she use. Just because a soap has a pleasant perfume, she is not inveigled into using it. When she washes her hands, she washes them thoroughly, and this also applies to her arms and elbows.

She scrubs her nails, knuckles and elbows with a soft nail brush, and then rinses them in fresh water. Next she sees to it that they are thoroughly dried, and then rubs in well a good greaseless cream or lotion to keep the skin soft and smooth. The most beautifully-shaped hands are not pretty if they are rough and red. Nowadays when a girl rides, drives and plays tennis, her hands need constant attention if she would have them nice. At night, before retiring, it is well, according to this beautiful star, to rub a good cream around the nails and into the back of the hands. Also, do not forget your elbows. No need to mention how ugly hard, scaly elbows are. In the morning, after the hands are washed, the cream has softened the cuticle so it will be easy to push it back and expose the lovely, transparent moons at the base of the nails. The nails will be easy to clean and file, too, because the cream will keep them soft so they will not become brittle and break.

Leave it to the beautiful little ladies of the screen to know all the secrets worth knowing about beauty. And they are not stingy, either, but are perfectly willing to tell it to the poor homelies, like myself. There is some consolation—we can try their little secrets, anyway, and we will find in every case they work a big improvement.

Now you know there is no sense in being too plump. It is not pretty and it is not comfortable; and of all of our defects, I think that it is the easiest to overcome, if you can develop self-control, because that is all it amounts to in the end, anyway. Do not risk your health on the glowing reducing advertisements; and likewise do not waste your money on them. Just use your head and cut down on the fattening diet. A rather extreme but sure diet is to eat nothing but lamb chops and acid fruits and salads without oil or oily dressing. However, most of us can also eat green vegetables and other lean meats except pork, without gaining weight. Of course exercise will help to melt away the pounds, but it has to be systematic and when practiced while on a diet it may prove too weakening. But walk, walk and walk some more if you want slim hips. Riding around in a nice shiny coupe—or in the street cars—is all very nice and comfortable, but it does something disastrous to the middle part of us, which is not so very nice and comfortable later on. But use that self-control, and before you call James to step on the self-starter, step out and start yourself under your own power. Instead of using up gas—or carfare—you will use up those superfluous pounds of which you want to be rid. Incidentally, what you save you can spend in the beauty parlors.

After hearing the screen stars talk about their beauty treatments and realizing all the time they spend to keep themselves lovely and charming, it seems unreasonable to pay any attention to that—well, I cannot help but call it catty—remark about Beauty being only skin deep. I just do not believe that is all. It seems to me, after spending many precious hours and much money—oh, yes, it costs something—to make our eyelashes curve upward like Gloria Swanson's inch-long lashes do, or to make our nails curve downward, after the fashion of Nita Naldi's exquisite nails, it just is not possible that Beauty does not become more a part of the possessor than just a surface covering. Even a beautiful complexion depends on how healthy one is. Cosmetics do not fool many people, not even our kid brothers—wise little devils.

So, do not kid yourself in letting Nature run her course with you. She might pick on your good disposition and not do right by you. Give her a good talking to and let her see that you mean business, that you do not intend to be plain, that you intend to profit by the Star's experience and prove that Beauty is more than only skin deep. Nine times out of ten she will come around to your side and help you out in those little things that make life worth living.

Beauty does count a lot—doesn't it?

The Apostle of Heart Throb

(*Continued from page 7*)

and the manuscript and telegram on the other. Which shall it be, I asked myself? To accept the offer and eat real meals or reject it and go on dreaming that some day I would direct and produce the thing myself. It was a bitter struggle but it didn't last long. I doubled up my fist, finally, and shook it at the telegram and went to work on the crackers and cheese. Three years later I made my own picture with my own money."

He paused to eat a portion of the "real meal" that now lay before us, and we did likewise.

"It must have been a struggle," we ventured.

"Life has always been a struggle for me," he answered quickly. "I ran away from home and enlisted in the Spanish-American War when I was sixteen, and when I went back to Oklahoma I started a newspaper and embarked on a political career. I've done everything from working as a section hand to heading the large sales force of a mercantile establishment in Louisville, Kentucky.

"In 1914, however, I got the idea that there was big money to be made in the movies. Moreover, the business interested me. So I wrote a scenario called 'The Jury of Fate,' in which Edith Taliaferro starred, and then another and another. This led to my association in time with the scenario department of Metro on the coast, where I mastered much of the details of the business under the supervision of the late Maxwell Karger.

"It was then I learned," continued Mr. Fox earnestly, "that as Goethe, the German poet, said in 'Faust'—'You can never make heart throb with heart until your own heart first has struck the tone.' This principle, applied to my writing, always has made my stories box office successes."

"Well, you sure have come through," we murmured, "and we're going to tell the world about it."

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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 15)

able to engage in a pleasant and interested conversation!

Because what would I have to fear from it? Why should I fear? Why should I not rejoice, rather, that I had been privileged to see the ultimate evidence of some life to come after this one has passed away? I'd be a darn sight more afraid of meeting some live person, like an assassin or thief, or something of the sort, in a dark corner, than I would a ghost. I would know the assassin's bad intentions. He would mean to do me harm, and would probably succeed.

We had a delightful supper at the castle. Certainly the possibility of ghosts didn't affect my appetite, nor Natacha's, either. That much I *can* testify to, with positiveness. It is a marvelous spot, and one to which Mussolini often goes for a rest. The Baron showed us the room where Mussolini sleeps when he goes there.

The castle is ideal in that it is built with every modern convenience, while yet preserving the ancient atmosphere. I have never been in a place where the old and the new have been so perfectly blended without the one in any sense detracting from the other.

The baron told me that any time I might care to make pictures there, he would be happy to let me use the whole castle if I needed it for sets. It is rebuilt precisely as it was in the eleventh century.

IT was a delightful evening, steeped in atmosphere and the aroma of reminiscence that made the ancient splendors live again, almost as though the peoples who had been there were come back again. Secret doors and dungeon fastnesses, dim, ghostly corridors and vaulted dining halls . . . baronial splendors brought to date without the sacrifice of the dead hands that had wrought them and the dead spirits that had inhabited them. Only a great imagination, directing master hands, would have achieved this result.

It would be a glorious thing to make a picture there, and some day I hope to do so. No critic, I feel sure, would ever be able to complain of lack of authenticity, were a picture of that period to be made in this castle at Nettuno.

I have not met Premier Mussolini and my time is now so brief that I fear this pleasure is to be denied me. A dinner was to have been arranged in order for me to meet him, and they wanted us to remain longer, but when we returned to the hotel tonight, we found some telegrams awaiting us that had to be attended to and Natacha has decided that she will go back to Nice.

I couldn't, I can't go back very well, without losing at least three-quarters of the purpose of my trip, which is to go to my home town and to see all of my family. We talked it over and decided that for me to go back would be sheer nonsense. In a way, Natacha, much as she loves Italy, is not sorry to go, I think. She hates open cars and the dusty roads (not to mention my driving), and so tomorrow evening I shall put her on the train, a sleeper, to Nice. Auntie will remain with me and she and my sister and I will go on together.

I will write tomorrow after Natacha has gone.

Learn the innermost thoughts and impressions of Valentino as they occurred to him during his European ramblings. Get Movie Weekly next Thursday.

Movie Stars' Gossip Causes Most Scandal

(Continued from page 11)

mission to form public opinion. Young people, Mr. Wray says, believe in and share the emotions of their screen favorites. The movies and those playing in them stand for an "emotive force" in the lives of the youth of today. They live, for the moment, the lives of those pictured on the screen. To many people the films offer an escape from everyday life.

"If you destroy this element of belief in the movies and the people who make them," says Mr. Wray, "you take away a great part of the screen's support. Apart from this practical side of the situation, there is something far more precious spiritually that is destroyed—the illusions of young minds."

That, then, is the opinion of John Griffith Wray as to the harm done by malicious gossiping about those who make our movies. Idle chatter is bad enough in wrecking reputations, but chatter that isn't idle is worse. Speculation can not work half the harm that distorted facts can. Or, even when the facts are not distorted, why repeat and magnify unpleasant ones?

Mr. Wray, of course, has a very sincere belief and love for the movies. His long association and work with pictures has given him the opportunity to know them thoroughly, to know their possibilities.

John Griffith Wray, for some years, has been a good director, but it was not until his production of "Anna Christie" that he really came in for much attention from the critics. "Anna Christie" was listed among the best pictures of 1923. Artistically it is a great success, but what the box office will have to say about the picture is another matter.

"The public," according to Mr. Wray, "forms its own opinion of pictures, more through intuition than through the comments of professional critics. Not all the critical condemnation in the world can keep the larger public away from a picture they call good—nor can the multitude be persuaded to buy tickets for a picture they don't consider 'entertainment.'"

But, we might add, speaking editorially, those who have not seen Mr. Wray's "Anna Christie" have missed something good.

The Bogey Man Of Movie Fame

(Continued from page 10)

Girl," and whose figure is one of her chief assets, has hit upon a novel scheme. She has taken out fifty thousand dollars' worth of insurance against getting overweight in the next five years.

There are several recent stars who could be mentioned—but won't, out of deference to their feelings—whose careers on the screen are just about ended, because of their inability to keep their slim, youthful figures.

Occasionally, one finds a star with troubles which are just the reverse. One popular player confided recently that she had gotten so thin she was desperate. She was afraid that if she didn't do something to put on weight, her career would be jeopardized.

Of course the men can't afford to lose their contours any more than women can—at least, if they are of the "lover" type. A double chin is rather a handicap to a matinee idol! Or fancy a bald-headed hero! Sometimes, it may be an actor's muscular development for which he is noted. George Walsh, for instance, would never have been selected for "Ben Hur" if he did not have an athletic physique. His bushy hair is also an asset—at least George does not have to worry about getting bald!

Not all the stars, of course, have any immediate threats of disaster. Claire Windsor, for instance, with her slim beauty, certainly has no cause for worry. She is quite young and wrinkles are far in the future for her. And she has no tendency to put on weight. And then there's Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, Clara Bow—just to mention a group of the youngest actresses who have many good years before Father Time can worry them.

But many others are far less comfortable. When a woman screen star gets into her thirties, it is time for her to redouble her efforts to keep both slender and beautiful. She never knows just when Father Time is lurking around the corner to take a swat at her, or—another screen bogey man who looms large always—when the public is going to tire of her.

In the meanwhile, their motto is—"Make movies while the sun shines."

A Society Girl in the Movies

(*Continued from page 19*)

I will do that," I replied, offering him my hand. I thought he squeezed it a trifle harder and longer than was necessary. But then, most men did that, and such a thing was not quite a criminal offense in my code, anyhow.

I told the other men good night, and went out to find Stuart Remington waiting for me, a manuscript in his hands. We walked out of the office together. As he took my arm to help me down the steps, the same sensation of tumult that had come upon me the day before when he first led me before the camera, leaped in my heart and swept me with an excitement which I could not control.

That walk in the russet half-light of a dying winter's day will ever remain one of my most wonderful memories. It was just as if I were drifting along on a dream current.

The noises of the great, teeming city, which lay just a little ahead of us, beyond the white ribbon of a road we traveled over, seemed subdued. They were like vague rumblings in the distance. His voice, his footsteps, were the only sounds that impressed me.

OVER in the West, high above the ice-fringed shores of the Hudson, stretched the sunset skies, deep-dyed in orange, crimson, banana yellow and sapphire that was fast turning to the purple of violets. Across the road to the East, the stars were coming out, twinkling and glowing against the horizon made by the fall and rise of the hills of Westchester.

Never before had the coming of night ever fascinated me half as much as when I walked along, trying to keep pace with the young giant at my side, who appeared to be holding himself in leash so that I could keep up with him. Maybe it was the miracle of the shadows sifting in from the greying spaces, veiling the light of day slowly and subtly, that cast a spell over me. Or perhaps it was the mystery and the lure of Stuart Remington that made me feel the beauty of that sunset hour as I did. I could not be sure at the moment.

I was sorry when we came to the end of our road . . . sorry when we reached the spot where the monotonous thunder of the city seemed to begin. I climbed the stairs to the elevated tracks, where we were to get a train which eventually disdained the open air, and plunged along its steel way under the very streets of the city. Three times his hand touched my arm to give me a little assistance, and three times the feeling of electricity shot through my body.

When we came to the nickle-in-the-slot turnstiles, I fumbled in my bag for the requisite change. Stuart Remington saw my gesture. Immediately he held up his hand.

"Never mind. I have the right change right here," he said, inserting money in the slot.

I protested against this, as I remembered his reason for walking to and from the studio and subway every day. But something about the way he looked at me warned me of the futility of arguing the point with him. So I followed him meekly.

CONTRARY to my expectations, the subway train was not at all crowded. I had heard so much about the way human beings were simply packed into the cars like sardines in a tin box.

"Plenty of seats in here," I said, indicating an empty car with my hand.

"Yes, at this time of the evening I have no trouble finding a seat going downtown. Everybody else is coming up from work now," he answered.

I accepted his explanation without another word, because I did not want him to think I knew nothing about conditions of travel in the underground railways.

There was very little opportunity for talk on account of the roar of the train in motion. However, I learned that he got off at Christopher Street, which I gathered was quite a way below Forty-second Street.

"I will get off at Times Square tonight," I told him, feeling that it was about the best point for me.

As we were whirled through the subway tunnels, the desire to find out where, and under what conditions Stuart Remington lived possessed me like a burning fever. I tried to shake myself free of it, but could not. I kept telling myself that I

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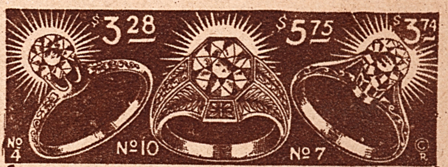

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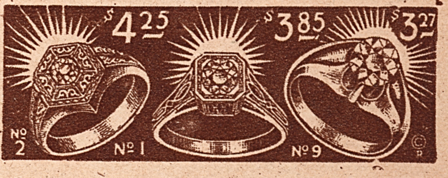

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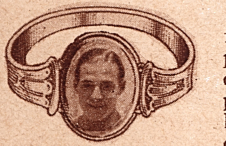

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must find a means of following him home—of knowing what it was he called "home."

However, when the train rolled into the Times Square station, I had not effected any plan, and so I was forced to get up from my seat and say a hurried good night. It was while stepping to the station platform that an idea flashed through my thoughts. I rushed to the next car in the same train.

"Do you stop at Christopher Street?" I asked the trainman.

"Change at the next stop, Pennsylvania Station, for a local," he shouted above the din of roaring trains and shuffling feet.

I squeezed my way into the car, my heart beating with the excitement of the possible adventure before me.

Suppose he should see me as we both got off to change to a local? Or suppose he saw me following him?

These questions came near making me lose my nerve as the train thundered into the Pennsylvania, and the moment came for me to step out of the car. But a glimpse of the pushing, hurrying throngs lessened the risk of his seeing me. I rushed out of the train, keeping my head turned away from the direction of his car.

A train rumbled by on the local track and stopped. Without daring to look around, or ask a question, I boarded it, keeping well back behind several men who were hanging on to the straps.

My heart was in my mouth when we reached Christopher Street. I waited until the last moment and stepped to the platform. I was just in time to see the tall form of Stuart Remington mounting the steps leading to the street.

Half-walking and half-running, I dodged through the ebbing and flooding current of humanity that congested the station. I knew I could not afford to let Mr. Remington gain the street too far ahead of me. The night-shadowed crowds would swallow him up too quickly, and my adventure would be all in vain.

REACHING the surface and the fresh air, I stood stock still in my tracks, uncertain as to which direction to take, for in all of the faces and forms that moved within my sight I could glimpse no Stuart Remington. For the moment my efforts to locate him kept me from realizing the sordid squalor of the street called Christopher. In the dim incandescence of its lights, the thoroughfare seemed a lane of poverty and dirt. Old brick houses, with grimy, time-worn faces, peered at me as if challenging my presence in their vicinity. The faces of the people who swarmed past me were old, grimy and time-worn, like the brick houses. And the children, running and shouting by, looked as if they had all been dragged through the mud and filth of the street.

I had never been a snob in all my life. While money had always been a most desirable thing, with which I could achieve objectives, it had never made me sneer at poverty or humble things. But Christopher Street did bring repulsion to me, and standing there on the corner, in the midst of its motley sordidness, I wondered how in heaven's name a man like Stuart Remington could ever stand living in such a neighborhood. His eyes, with all of their dreamy depths, and the flash of poetic fire! How could they look out upon such a vista of life, day in and day out?

The question had barely bolted through my thoughts when I found myself shrinking back into the deeper shadows behind me. It was an instinctive move on my part, for out of the corner of my eyes I had suddenly glimpsed Mr. Remington coming towards me.

I shielded my face with my hand as he passed by. Through the lattice work made by my fingers I saw that he carried two small parcels.

"He has been buying something—food, most likely," I said to myself, taking a step to follow him.

Stuart Remington towered ahead through the babbling crowd, a person apart from the people and the atmosphere around him. I would have known that he did not belong to Christopher Street even if I had never seen him before. His walk, his poise, his presence, marked him a man apart.

I slowed down perceptibly as I saw him turn from the sidewalk and run a few little stone steps that led to a dingy old red-brick house. Loitering forward, I watched him reach out to open the door.

Before his hand touched the knob, the door opened, and a dim light from within illumined his face. Then a shadow filled the doorway—the slim shadow of a woman. A second passed as Stuart Remington and the woman in the doorway gazed at each other.

His arms and her arms seemed to stretch out at the same instant. Their bodies merged. I saw Stuart Remington bending down to kiss her. I saw the woman lifting her lips up to him.

A limpness shot through my limbs and muscles. I closed my eyes just as the street lights began to go around in circles, and the night shadows seemed to be hurling themselves at me. My body swayed for a moment, and I reeled backwards as if someone had dealt me a blow . . .

The far-reaching effects of Remington and Edwardo on Natalie's life will be vividly portrayed in our interesting issue of next week. Don't miss it!

The White Sin

(*Continued from page 20*)

excited shouts of the household without told her better than words that the Van Gore home was on fire and that escape now through the hallway was quite impossible.

Hattie Lou paused frantically. Somewhere once she remembered having read that some persons had escaped from a window by making a rope out of bed sheets. Laying the baby on the floor beneath the window, Hattie Lou returned to her bed and stripped it quickly of its light covering. Out of the fine linen sheets she quickly made a rope by knotting the ends together, one end of which she fastened to a post on her bed. Then, taking the baby's little nightrobe in her teeth, Hattie Lou let herself out of the window and commenced slowly her descent to the ground on her improvised fire-escape.

Reaching the ground in perfect safety, Hattie Lou, clad only in her bathrobe, which she had managed, in the haste of her departure, to slip on, quickly left the dangling sheets that had supported her to safety and circled the house to where the others were grouped. Mrs. Van Gore was the first to see Hattie Lou and to speak.

"Why, Hattie Lou!" she cried hysterically, "where is Preston?"

As though in answer to her words, the whole roof of the Van Gore home crashed in with a thunderous roar and a black cloud of smoke and sparks. Hattie Lou shuddered. As though by instinct, she knew what had happened to Preston Van Gore.

Two hours later, the Van Gore family, with Hattie Lou, were gathered together, grief-stricken, at the home of a neighboring family. Mrs. Van Gore was prostrated over Preston's fate, and Grace and she retired to brood over their grief alone with each other, leaving Grant and Hattie Lou alone.

They stood together, watching the burning ruins of the Van Gore home, both with hearts too full for speech. The face of Grant Van Gore looked severely stern.

"Well," he said at last to Hattie Lou, without turning his head, "there goes the last of your old life, Hattie Lou."

Hattie Lou nodded on the verge of tears. He turned to her tenderly.

"Will you let me be a part of your new one?" he asked.

Hattie Lou nodded, swallowing.

Then, as he took her in his arms, she whispered: "All of it!"

THE END.

Studio News Notes

Agnes Ayres again vociferously denied her rumored marriage to Ricardo Cortez. "We are not wed," quoth Agnes. So, you see, that's that.

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

Baby Peggy's father will relinquish his recent diligent efforts to prie the coffers of the Century Film Company for alleged back pay amounting to $11,000, due the Baby.

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

Jacqueline Logan will leave the Coast almost any day now for New York and step into a role in "Empty Hands."

A Nation-Wide Quest
For New Authors

Enormous Cash Awards Offered by Magazine Publishers and Motion Picture Producers

MAGAZINE publishers and motion picture producers are today engaged in one of the greatest and most romantic quests in literary history. They are searching for new authors who can satisfy the age-old craving of the race to be told a story that is gripping and new. Fifteen thousand motion picture theatres in this country alone must be continually supplied with fresh stories. Thousands of publications, read by millions of people of all types and classes, must present new fiction every issue. To meet this demand, new writers must be found.

In their search for new authors, publishers and producers have inaugurated a number of notable story contests offering big cash awards. In fact, such contents are being launched continually in the search for new authors. They are more than contests. They are quests.

Thousands in Prizes

Chief among the film story contests is that conducted by Famous Players-Lasky in conjunction with Pictorial Review and the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. The prize is $13,500. It *cannot* be won by an established novelist, but *must* go to a new author. The chief condition is that the winner must be without previous book publication credit. Pictorial Review will publish the winning novel serially, Famous Players-Lasky will produce a screen version of it and Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish it in book form, paying author's royalties besides.

In the short story field, Harper's Magazine is offering $10,000 in prizes in a series of four contests lasting throughout the current year. The Forum in another contest offers a prize of $1,000 for the best story 3,000 to 5,000 words.

Other similar contests are numerous, the prizes amounting to large sums in the aggregate. Two standing offers are worthy of especial mention: the Famous Players-Lasky annual prize of $10,000 for the best photoplay, and the $10,000 fund set aside by the publishers of Action Stories and Novelets for the bare story plots without literary presentation.

Current Palmer Productions

Photodramas by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation, now being exhibited in theatres throughout the United States and Canada, include the following productions by Palmer Photoplay Corporation, with which Palmer Institute of Authorship is affiliated:

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM"
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"THE WHITE SIN"
By Harold C. Shumate
"HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE"
By Will Lambert

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Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

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RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY
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FREDERICK PALMER
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Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

The Day of the Unknown

Producers and publishers alike thus attest their belief that there are scores of men and women, unknown as writers, who are able to produce suitable stories for the millions reached by the screen and the magazines—if they can only be induced to try.

Palmer Institute of Authorship concurs in that opinion, because its own experiences prove it to be true. It has found many potential authors during its six years of service to writers, and through training and co-operation has helped them to gain recognition on the screen and in the magazine field. Through the Palmer Course and Service in photoplay writing, short-story writing and dramatic technique, it has helped them to acquire a knowledge of *how to control and apply* the divine gift of creative imagination.

The men and women who have won recognition through Palmer training possessed creative imagination, but they did not know how to control and apply it. Palmer training supplied that knowledge in a way which made it unnecessary to go to halls of learning, to the studios, or to the great publishing centers. They were enabled to learn *how to write* stories meeting current market demands during spare time in their own homes, without interference with their regular duties.

"What man has done, man can do," says an old proverb. The success of authors winning recognition through Palmer training is an inspiration to others to try. And the crying need of publishers and producers for story material is sufficient incentive.

The Advisory Council

Aiding in the work of discovering and training new writers are the following distinguished members of the Institute's Advisory Council: Frederick Palmer, author and educator, Chairman; Thomas H. Ince, motion picture producer; Russell Doubleday, publisher and author; Clayton Hamilton, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia University, author dramatist and educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and Yale universities, author, dramatist and critic; Frederick Taber Cooper, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and New York universities, author, educator and critic; C. Gardner Sullivan, editorial director for the Joseph M. Schenck productions; Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay Magazine.

The teaching staff of the Institute is composed of recognized short-story writers and photo-dramatists, selected for teaching ability. This assures the student of a service amounting virtually to author-collaboration.

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God Help Pennsylvannia

(*Continued from page 5*)

his guest after seeing Macbeth? More often he feels like murdering the actor who played the part. What boy ever wanted to steal a pair of candlesticks after reading Les Miserables? What man ever wanted to trample on the bodies of little children after seeing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? What human being ever imagined such nonsense except a Pennsylvania censor?

Now note the bewildering stupidity of these regulations.

All the above absurdities are cited as solemn and irrevocable rules from which there is no appeal. These things "*will* be disapproved."

Yet in a paragraph a little further on, this priceless gem appears.

"The glorification of the crook will be discountenanced."

Not disapproved! Just discountenanced! Where they should be merely careful, they are obdurate. And where they should be immutably firm they are so gentle as almost to be timorous. They "discountenance" the glorification of the crook. They ought to ban it absolutely. That is common sense!

But what use has a censor for common sense? If he had common sense, he wouldn't be a censor!

Let us on with this strange inquisition!

The next regulation reads as follows:

"*Gruesome and unduly distressing scenes will be disapproved. These include shooting, stabbing, profuse bleeding, prolonged views of men dying, and of corpses, lashing and whipping, and other torture scenes, hangings, lynchings, electrocutions, surgical operations and views of persons in delirium or insane!*"

Here again we have something that sounds like common sense and that is only the veriest twaddle, flummery, flapdoodle and humbug.

Consider the effect of this squint-eyed policy:

No shootings! Count up for yourself how many splendid stories that will emasculate.

No stabbings! That lets out Hamlet, for Hamlet stabbed Polonius. It also lets out a long, long list of other great stories which we haven't space to mention—especially the bloody list of grand operas.

No profuse bleeding! Has anybody ever wanted to exhibit profuse bleeding to anybody?

Lashings and whippings! The final assault upon the ancient integrity of Uncle Tom's Cabin! All the Simon Legrees in the business will have to look for another job!

No delirium and no insanity! That cuts out Hamlet again, for Ophelia went mad; it cuts out Lucia di Lammermoor, for Lucia went mad; destroys the central idea of uncountable masterpieces.

YOU see? To formulate such sweeping regulations is to open the door to the most clownish interference with the work of genius.

We now pass on to the next gem:

"*Studio and other scenes in which the human form is shown in the nude or the body is unduly exposed may be disapproved!*"

I am forced to admit that this paragraph puzzles me. When the body is unduly exposed it "may" be disapproved! Why not "will" be disapproved? If the censors think it wrong "unduly" to expose the human form, why any doubts about what will happen?

One could speculate about all this. But I am content to let it pass with the recommendation that a psychoanalyst study its implications.

The succeeding paragraph in the regulations are capable of doing an immense amount of harm. Read them carefully:

"*Pictures and parts of pictures dealing with abortion and malpractice* will *be disapproved. These will include themes and incidents having to do with eugenics, birth control, race suicide and similar subjects.*"

Do the censors know the abortion statistics for the city of Philadelphia alone?

Do the censors realize the appalling need for eugenics propaganda?

Has no one told them that every third man on the streets of Philadelphia has gonorrhea or syphilis?

Have they taken the trouble to inquire into the recent growth of venereal disease in their own state?

Do they want their daughters to remain in ignorance only to become the wives of syphilitics?

If not, then why, in the name of Heaven, are they afraid or ashamed to use the great vehicle of the screen to cleanse the stables of their own state?

One thing is certain. The regulation just quoted is damnable. It is criminal in intent and in effect. It would ban "Damaged Goods" from the eyes of people entitled to see it. It would ban Ibsen's great "Ghosts" play, which every young man and every young woman should behold. It is a triumph of ignorance, a victory for the devil, and a menace to untold generations yet to be born.

We come now to a silly and childish attempt to protect the dignity of people who are usually too dignified, anyhow.

Read this carefully:

"*Stories and scenes holding up to ridicule and reproach, races classes and other social groups, as well as the irreverent and sacrilegious treatment of religious bodies or other things held to be sacred, will be disapproved. The materialization of the figure, of Christ may be disapproved!*"

With the spirit of this regulation we are in thorough sympathy. With the uses to which it would be put and to which it is being put I am entirely out of sympathy. There is, for example, the well-known and stupid dignity of a judge. When a judge gets upon his throne, if you are in the court room, you have to get up out of respect for him. When you come in the court room he does not get up for you. Yet you are entitled to as much respect from him as he is from you. The same is true of clergymen. Preachers have raised a great howl because a play called "Rain," which has had a great run in New York, has for its villain a clergyman. Preachers don't object, if a politician is a villain, but they don't like preachers to be made villains. Yet I have known clergymen who were infamous rascals, who should have been hung. And I have known some decent politicians. This regulation would ban "Rain" from the screen in Philadelphia, because the villain is a preacher. There is no freedom in such an asinine provision, and no enlightened community could tolerate it, no genuine American would desire it.

THE next regulation is what the little boys on my block call a "cuckoo!"

"*Scenes showing men and women living together without marriage and in adultery will be disapproved. Discussion of the question of consummation of marriage in pictures may be disapproved.*"

It was under this astonishing prohibition that the censors refused to allow Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra to be shown. "No!" they cried in horror. "No! No! No! Not until Antony and Cleopatar are married can you show that picture in Pennsylvania!"

Some of the greatest stories in the world are woven around the theme of adultery. But what do the censors care about art, or truth, or life, or great stories? All they care about is their own narrow-minded and ignorant superstitions.

"*The brutal treatment of children and of animals may lead to the disapproval of the theme, or of incidents, in film stories.*"

The theory of this is that if you are allowed to see Oliver Twist you will immediately go out and starve your little boy to death. If you see Black Beauty, you will instantly rush out and beat up a horse!

We now get down to the question of profanity.

"*The use of profane and objectionable language,*" reads the next declaration, "*in subtitles will be disapproved.*"

One might wonder if the use of profane language will be disapproved in the present writer when he reads these regulations! I believe it was in Pennsylvania that the censors deleted a sentence from an O. Henry caption which quoted a parrot as saying, "Give him hell, Dickie!"

Just stop and think! Wouldn't it be horrible for the pure-minded people of Philadelphia to hear a parrot carry on like that? But don't worry! They didn't. The censors cut it right out.

Following that profane injunction appears the following:

"*Objectionable titles, as well as sub-titles, of pictures will be disapproved.*"

Question: What is an objectionable title?

Answer: An objectionable title is a title that the Pennsylvania censors consider objectionable. The divine right to rule is here exemplified. The king can do no wrong. Personally I think the most objectionable title in history is "censor!"

"*Views of incendiarism, burning, wrecking and the destruction of property, which may put like action into the minds of those of evil instincts, or may degrade the morals of the young, will be disapproved!*"

There you are! If you see a person of evil instincts burn down the old squire's barn, you know what will happen? He won't wait for the end of the picture. He will rush out and set fire to his tailor!

You can see the absurdity! The censors didn't realize that crime does not make criminals; unless crime itself is made attractive. Moreover, no one has a right to edit pictures down to the intelligence of maniacs. As well make Sandow eat mush because my grandmother had indigestion.

We come next to:

"*Gross and offensive drunkenness, especially if women have a part in the scenes, may be disapproved.*"

Here Shakespeare gets shaken again. What an immoral old bard he was! The censors will have a hard time scissoring his films. What will happen to Falstaff under the above regulation? For if ever a man got grossly, offensively, and most delightfully tight, it was Falstaff. What a lucky thing for him he wasn't born in Philadelphia—where they have to import the United States Marines to keep quiet on the streets!

We come now to the home stretch; here is the next regulation:

"*Pictures which deal at length with gun-play, and the use of knives, and are set in the underworld, will be disapproved. When the whole theme is crime, unrelieved by other scenes, the film will be disapproved. Prolonged fighting scenes will be shortened and brutal fights will be wholly disapproved.*"

COMMENT on the above is hardly useless. Under it, almost the entire book of Les Miserables could be banned. So could Treasure Island. So could many other masterpieces. But what do the Pennsylvania censors care about masterpieces? They wouldn't know one if they found it.

As for the following:

"*Vulgarities of a gross kind, such as often appear in slapstick and other screen comedies, will be disapproved. Comedy which burlesques morgues, funerals, hospitals, insane asylums, the lying-in of women and houses of ill-fame will be disapproved!*"

This is not so bad. But the producers long ago ceased to make such pictures, anyway—and they did it before there was such an un-American institution as the Pennsylvania Board of Censorship.

We approach now one of the tenderest and sorest spots in every censor's brain. Read all this carefully:

"*Sensual kissing and lovemaking scenes, men and women in bed together, and indelicate sexual situations, whether in comedies or pictures in other classes will be disapproved. Bathing scenes which pass the limits of propriety, lewd and immodest dancing, the needless exhibition of women in their nightdress or underclothing, will be disapproved.*"

On the above score I herewith submit the following downright proposal:

If the Pennsylvania censors will resign;

If they never try to regulate the business of other people;

If they solemnly promise forever after to mind their own business;

I herewith guarantee that:

No American producer will show a picture of a man and woman in bed together.

And if I lose my bet, I herewith promise to grow a three-foot beard and part it in the middle; to campaign for William Jennings Bryan, and to enter a Mohammedan monastery for the rest of my natural life.

As for the other provisions in this particular regulation, comment is not necessary—any more than the regulation.

Perhaps you imagined, a little while ago, when I showed the effects of these regulations upon the classics, that I was going too far; that the classics were in no danger from these intelligent censors. If you thought that, I beg you earnestly to read the following.

"*That the themes or story of a picture is adapted from a publication, whether classical or not, or that portions of a picture follow paintings or other illustrations, is not a sufficient reason for the approval of a picture.*"

And here is another beautiful little arrangement.

"*Views of women smoking will not be disapproved of as such, but when women are shown in suggestive positions, or their manner of smoking is suggestive or degrading, such scenes will be disapproved.*"

To this supreme height of idiotic nonsense, there is but one thing I can suggest.

"All women who smoke ought to go to 1222 Vine Street, Philadelphia, and get personal instructions from the Pennsylvania censors as to how to smoke so that their manner will not be suggestive or degrading!" Or perhaps the censors may issue a mail course in how to smoke and not be suggestive or degrading, and advertise it in Movie Weekly. Rates on application.

Now for the wind-up. These censors take no chances. They were afraid they might have overlooked something. So their final order is as follows.

"*Themes or incidents in picture stories which are designed to inflame the mind to improper adventures, or to establish false standards of conduct, coming under the foregoing classes, or of other kinds, will be disapproved.*"

That takes us all in. That covers anything.

Try to laugh it off, Pennsylvania, if you can.

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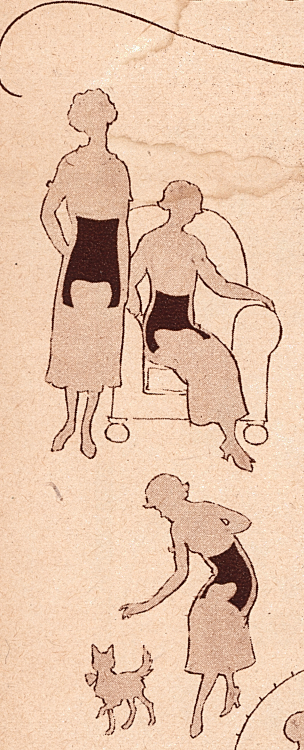

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Built on special self-massaging principles, the Madame X Reducing Girdle fits the figure snugly, without binding or constricting it in any way. It is made of soft, live, supple rubber, specially prepared for reducing purposes—a rubber so fine and thin that it has no bulk, yet with amazing strength and with the magic and power to support the whole figure, to buoy up the muscles of the back and sides.

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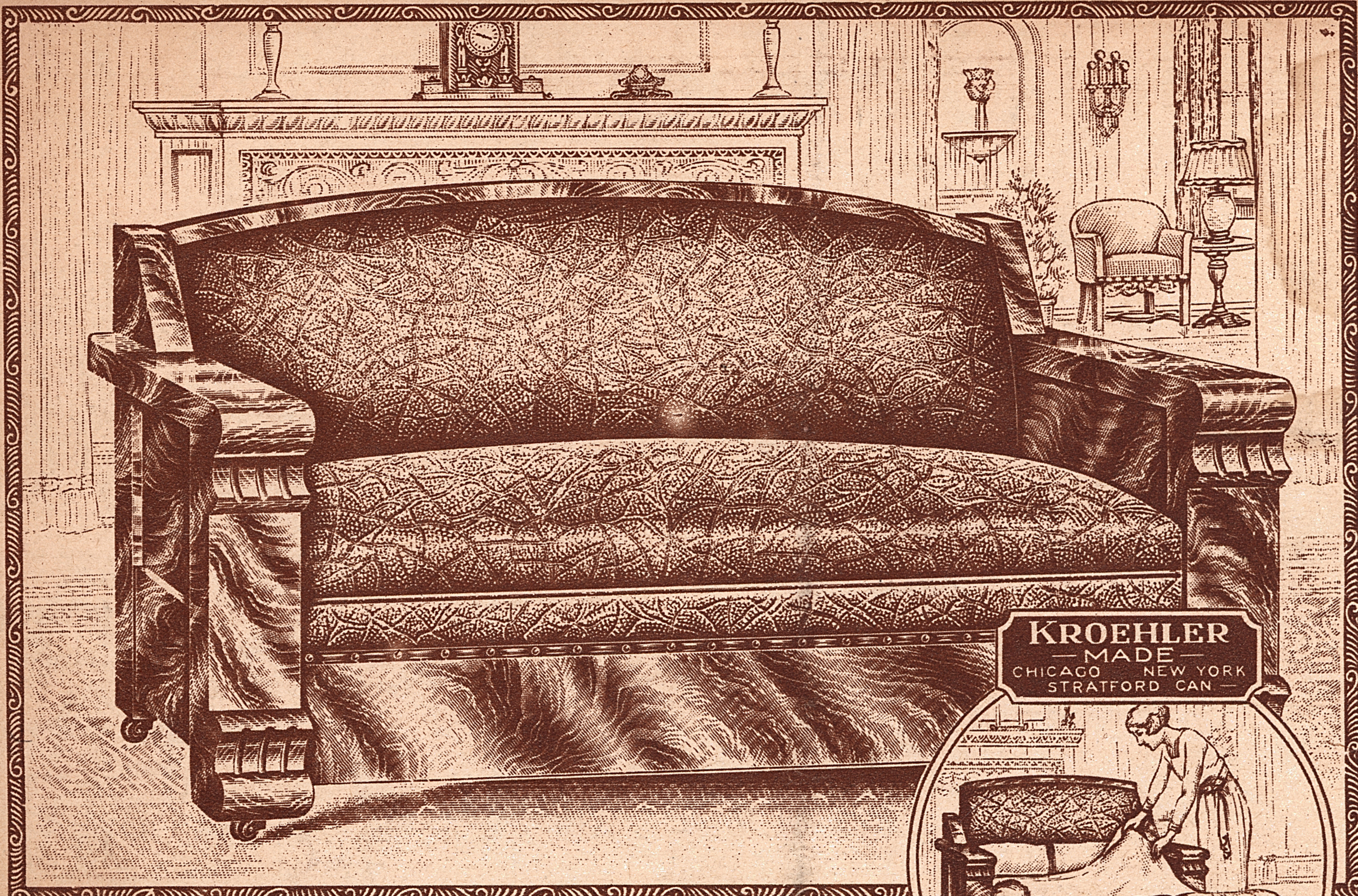

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God Help Pennsylvania!
See page 4

Why Gloria Swanson is so Misunderstood

Clara Bow
Photo by
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